THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by B. Franklin

AUGUST 22, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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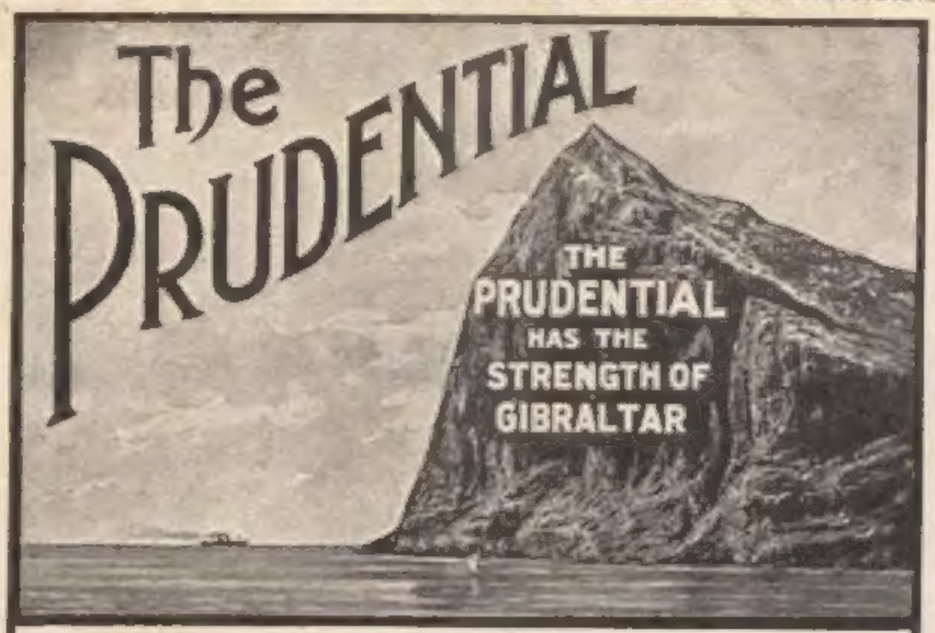
DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

THE GRAFTERS—By Wood Norton

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

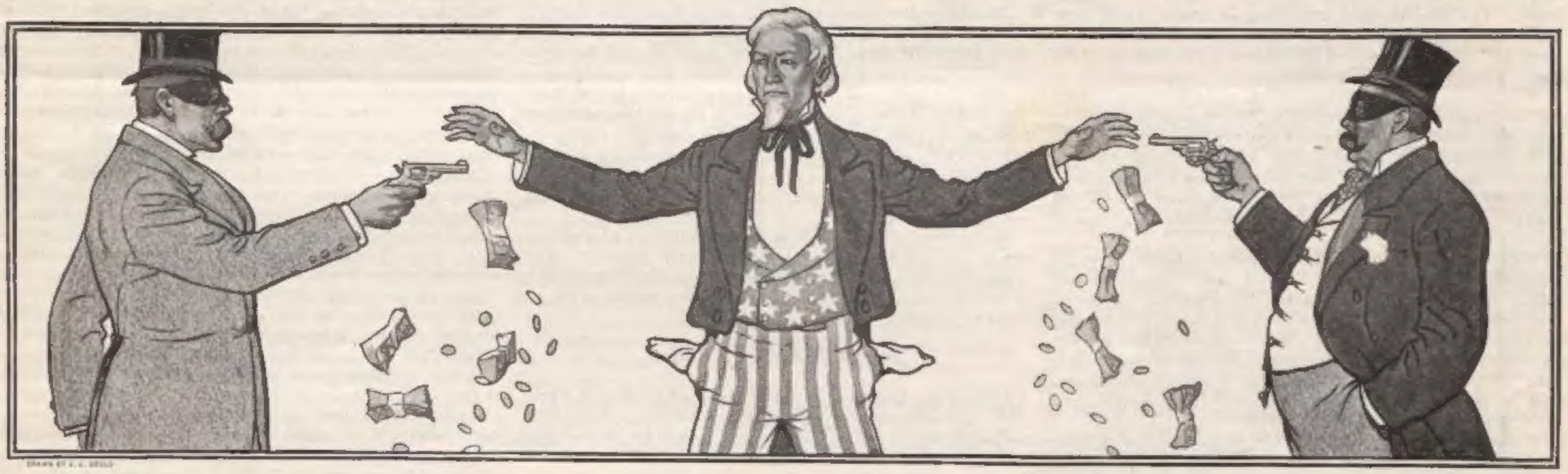
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 — PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22, 1903 — Number 8

THE GRAFTERS



Showing How Minor Government Officials May Get Rich on Small Salaries

BY WOOD NORTON

THERE are two kinds of graft—"honest" graft and graft. Really, no graft is honest, but the grafter does not look at life and its opportunities from the viewpoint of the man with a conscience. If he did, he would not be a grafter.

"Honest" graft is money or profit that comes easily from information held to be legitimate. For example, a Board of Aldermen is to build a new fire-house on a city street. Advance information of that intention comes to a man with enough money to buy land that will be selected for the site. He buys it and after the intention of the aldermen is enacted into ordinance, sells to the city. He makes a profit. That profit is graft, "honest" graft. A street is to be opened, a certain kind of paving is to be used, a particular fire-proofing is to be specified for public and private buildings, a reservoir is to be built—any one of the hundred enterprises in which a municipality engages is to be undertaken, and the men "on the inside" know before the public does. They invest their money in the right place at the right time. They get large returns. They argue that they have made money by legitimate investment and by natural shrewdness.

Many men have grown rich in this way. They would resent vigorously, perhaps forcibly, the imputation that they are dishonest, that their advance information was dishonestly imparted with dishonest ends in view. They contend that it is legitimate to take advantage of the public thus. It isn't a question of morals with them. It is the advantage of being "wise." Perhaps they pay a percentage to their informers. That is legitimate, too, from the "honest" grafter's viewpoint, for even the humblest laborer in the municipal or Government vineyard is worthy of his hire. Like as not, also, he did not have the money to use the information himself.

Yellow Salve for a Smarting Conscience

SIMILARLY, the perquisites that fall to politicians and political lawyers in the way of receiverships, commission fees, boards of survey and the dozen other parts of our complicated system of government are "honest" graft. The money thus obtained is outside the regular source of income. It comes easily. It is in pay, always, for political favors, past or to come, or for political work or influence. Why shouldn't it be taken? It is there. Somebody will get it.

It is for the moralist to draw the line. Graft means exactly what you choose to make it. A salary for a sinecure is graft. A wide-open expense account is graft. Anything and everything that pertains to money or perquisites not accounted for by the stern value-received rule is graft, cutting out, of course, the speculative money and money obtained by taking business risks of one kind or another.

There are few men in public life, from highest station to lowest, who are not willing to be grafters, if the graft comes right. Many men will do anything, if they can remain "respectable." Many men will take anything, if they won't be caught. Many other men, who would receive no tainted money, are not averse to making profit on the investment of their own funds on information given to them by others because of some past or prospective political service. That profit is graft. It is "honest" graft. Certainly! A conscience is the easiest thing in the world to salve, and the finest emollient is a yellow-backed gold certificate. That will heal most wounds.

Graft not limited and circumscribed by the qualification "honest" is stealing. Your thief will protest. He will say it is just as fair to the nation, the State, the city or the village to take a percentage on a contract as it is to make a profit on a schoolhouse site. Perhaps he is right. Still, the element of respectability is lacking. Better be poor than not respectable.

Eliminating the moral point involved, the subject comes down to this: There must be a distinction. The line must be drawn somewhere. Consequently, any grafting that comes without the pale of the law is grafting, plain and unadorned, and all other grafting is "honest" grafting.

There have been grafters as long as there has been government. The old-fashioned word "pickings" covers a lot of it. The ordinary grafter would not take a purse from a pocket. Preposterous to think of it! But if the man to whom he awarded a contract left a hundred or a thousand dollar bill carelessly on the grafter's desk, the grafter would make no foolish inquiries as to how it came there. Not he.

Within the last few months the people of the United States have learned much about grafting. Day after day the newspapers have carried stories of corruption in the Post-Office Department. Graft grew there to a perfection rarely attained elsewhere. It flourished. It waxed fat.

Here is one of the great branches of the public service. The people at Washington are fond of calling it "the greatest business organization in the world." For nearly if not quite twenty years it has spent over one hundred million dollars annually. In this fiscal year, beginning July 1 last, it expects to spend $149,000,000. Thousands of men are employed. The postal service is everywhere. All sorts of supplies are bought. All sorts of contracts are made. Men who get comparatively small salaries and are expected to keep up a sort of a position for themselves spend the money. Constant handling of large sums makes weak men careless of the proprieties, especially when the money is Government money, to be ladylike in the designation. The consequence is that where money is easy, the man with ambition to enrich himself is early tempted and early falls.

It is not true that every Government employee is dishonest or that a large percentage of them are. They are as honest as men go. There are scores, yes, hundreds, of instances where men have been at their posts for years, handling large sums and remaining strictly honest. The Government departments are not honeycombed with fraud. Ninety-nine out of every hundred employees are upright and conscientious.

There is grafting in every department, notwithstanding. No man who knows his Washington will deny that. And in the Post-Office Department the grafting has been of a particularly obnoxious and vicious kind.

Government contracts generally are good things. The men who supply even the small utilities make money. There is no worry about payment. The Government warrant is as good as gold. No credits or extensions are asked. Cash on the nail, subject to the regulations, is the rule. There need be no wonder why these contracts are so eagerly sought or why the men who get the contracts are so ready to "split." When, as has been shown recently, a crooked bit of iron, costing but a few cents and used for fastening letter-boxes to posts, can be unloaded on the Government at $1.25 the pair, there need be no surprise that strenuous efforts are made to get an arrangement with the buyers. It is worth while.

The Ring of Subordinates

THE theory of the organization of the Post-Office Department is excellent. The Postmaster-General is the responsible head. Under him are four Assistant Postmasters-General. The various divisions and bureaus are allotted to these assistants. Each has a chief clerk. Each division has a chief, and so has each bureau; and each, also, has a chief clerk. In the divisions and bureaus the work is classified down by subdivision until every part is allotted to some man directly in charge. Thus, the First Assistant Postmaster-General has charge of the division of salaries and allowances, the division of supplies, the dead-letter division, the money-order division, etc. The division of salaries and allowances has a chief. Under him are various heads of small divisions, and so on down. A business man might think the organization cumbersome, but Government business is subject to greater restrictions than private business and the organization has grown out of the exigencies of the times.

An Assistant Postmaster-General is appointed for political reasons. He goes into the department with little knowledge of its workings. He is responsible, but he is also dependent on the integrity of the chiefs of divisions below him. Usually, these are men expert in their lines. They know the postal business. Unless the Assistant Postmaster-General or the Postmaster-General himself is a marvel, he is at the mercy of the men who serve under him in the capacity of heads of divisions and bureaus.

Where the Cart Goes Before the Horse

WHEN an Assistant Postmaster-General or a Postmaster-General is zealous, he can master enough of the details of his place to protect himself. If he is careless, or if he is playing politics, the combination gets away from him. The subordinates become stronger than the superiors.

This is exactly what happened in the Post-Office Department. The subordinates, remaining in power while their superiors were shifted from time to time, made their own machine. They entrenched themselves at the expense of the country and of the party in power.

The growth was gradual, but sure. The Division of Free Deliveries affords a good example. When rural free delivery was first established, a few years ago, the total appropriation was $50,000. The appropriation for this fiscal year is $15,000,000. The chief of that division grew with his appropriations. He expanded at the rate of about two million dollars a year. When the post-office inspectors fell on him he was a great man.

Representatives and Senators kowtowed to him. He could dispense patronage. Every Senator and Representative wants patronage, wants it all the time, wants all there is, wants more than there is, twice over, and scouts unceasingly for places for his constituents. Here was a man who had the say about rural free-delivery routes. He appointed carriers who got $600 a year. He was a man of visible importance, and he grew with Congress and laughed at his superior, the First Assistant Postmaster-General.

It was the same way with the chief of the Division of Salaries and Allowances. He is the man who fixes the salaries for postmasters and their clerks, and he makes the allowances for office-rent and heat and light and all the essentials of the post-office. He had the money-future of the post-office in his hands, subject to some laws that are easy to evade.

Between them, these men bought mail-boxes and other supplies and spent a great amount of money. They were the big toads in the puddle.

Last December the Postmaster-General decided to ask Congress to increase the salaries of the Assistant Postmasters-General. They deserved the money, for they are all capable men and $4000 a year is an absurd sum for their services. The Postmaster-General did not decide to increase the salaries of the chief of the Division of Free Deliveries or of the chief of Salaries and Allowances. They went to Congress direct. They had friends there. They had made themselves strong. The result was that the Postmaster-General was politely asked to recommend increases for these subordinates and told, just as politely, that if he didn't, his assistants would not get their increases. That shows how powerful they were.

The story of their overthrow is a long one and does not need rehearsing here. Both are now under indictment and both are charged with the same offense. The Government says they took "rake-offs" on contracts. In other words, it is charged that they grafted. The Government charges that men who had contracts gave them certain sums of the total amounts received, presumably for the privilege of selling. There are numerous other charges against them similar to these, as there are other charges against men who had similar opportunities and availed themselves of them.

This is not the most serious part of the Post-Office scandal. These men are charged with thievery. If it is proved against them they will go to jail, like any robbers. Neither sympathy nor space need be wasted on them.

What has been made apparent and what is the most deplorable feature of the whole nasty mess is the use the politicians have made of the Department to further their own ends.

It is openly charged and proved to the satisfaction of those who have no direct interest in the matter, that the Department has been used as a vast political machine for the purpose of paying political debts.

No person can find fault with the politician who gets as much as he can for his people, if he gets it honestly. The work of the Government must be done. That work pays well. It should be and is distributed to men and women from all parts of the country.

How the Plum-Tree is Shaken

WHAT has been revealed are schemes like this: A representative from a Western State, say, has a hard fight for renomination. There are several men in his district who refuse to be controlled. They are obstinate and stand out for some other candidate. They must be secured.

This candidate journeys to Washington. He sees the right man in the Post-Office Department. "I have got four men," he says, "who are ugly. I want you to help me fix them."

The lists are brought out. One is straightened by being allowed to name some rural free-delivery carriers. Two others are not so easy.

"All right," says the man approached. "I'll appoint them clerks in the post-office at Whatnot."

They are appointed at nominal salaries. Then the post-office at Whatnot is made a free-delivery office which immediately brings every person working in that office regularly into the classified service, that is to say, protects them all by the regulations of the Civil Service and without examination. They are "covered in," in the language of official Washington.

Any employee on the Civil Service lists can be transferred. Soon afterward, these particular low-salaried men are transferred to large offices at good salaries and the trick has been turned. The politician has had his graft. The Government has helped him out.

Graft that the Law Cannot Reach

RUNNING all through the story of the Post-Office scandals are tales of schemes like this. They come under the head of "honest" graft. The law was cheated by the use of influence.

What has been shown in the Post-Office Department has not been shown in the other departments, but it is there. The stealing, the filching on contracts, the charging fees for promotions, the blackmailing of employees into the buying of mining and other stocks, the taking of money for decisions permitting fraudulent concerns to use the mails, the taking of presents, are all minor matters, repulsive enough, but of secondary importance. Many of the thieves have been caught. Others will be, not only in the Post-Office Department, but elsewhere; and, as has been said, out of the great total of employees the percentage of dishonesty is small.

What the law does not reach is the "honest" graft. From any decent point of view, it is as culpable to make the Government pay a political debt as it is to make it pay a private debt. No politician sees it that way, and no politician ever will. The old cry of "To the victors belong the spoils" is as potent now as it was just after the Civil War.

Nor can you change human nature. The Government is there to be used. The chief cry of Congress is not to uphold the Civil Service, but to throttle it whenever the opportunity offers.

It may be disheartening to the honest citizen out of politics, to the man with the good of his country at heart, to contemplate the fact that the trail of the graft is over the politics of the country. It is about all graft, "honest" or the other kind. Disinterestedness is an illusion. There is no such thing. Influence and political power are worth exactly what they cash in for in patronage and perquisites. A politician who cannot get jobs—somehow, anyhow—for his people doesn't last a week, nor does one who cannot get other things of various kinds.

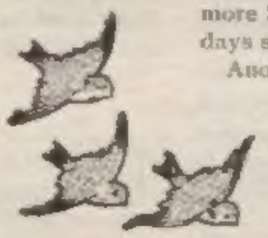
Graft is the basis of politics. Graft is the lifeblood of politics. Graft controls, dominates, sways. Hairs can be split about terms. Protests can be made. Hands can be held up in horror. Individuals can proclaim they are free from the taint; but analyze it, sift it, dissect it, and back of it all, under it all, when hypocrisy is cleared and men tell the truth, is graft, graft, graft.

The Mystery of Migration

A Fact of Bird Life Familiar to Every Schoolboy That Yet Grows More Marvelous With Fresh Investigation

By HAROLD BOLCE

THE present international study of bird migration is not only in many particulars the greatest concerted scientific inquiry ever instituted, but it is the most baffling subject that naturalists have ever undertaken to exploit. Many of the most eminent among the current investigators reject all previous deductions in regard to the causes of migration. Fear of cold and hunger has been assigned as the motive that prompts birds to leave the north in wintertime; but contemporaneous ornithologists cannot accept this unqualifiedly, for vast multitudes are known to depart from regions in which no such contingency prevails. Moreover, species of the *limicolæ* and other genera instead of stopping when they reach congenial north temperate latitudes press on and on, enter the tropics, cross the equator, and do not rest until they find in the south temperate zone conditions of climate and supplies of food exactly like those passed in north temperate regions.



Longing for the old nesting-place has been assigned by many writers as the secret of the birds' return over seas and continents to the spot of their nativity, but this, modern naturalists point out, does not account for the amazing fact that nestlings of many species in the autumn migration leave the parental home months in advance of the old birds and, without a pilot, spread their young wings and start on voyages from two to nine thousand miles in length, arriving safely at the ordained winter home.

Neither can the love of birds for their mates be accepted as the dominating purpose of migration, for in the case of nestlings, in whom the instinct of world-journeying is so strong that they embark without a captain and when their wings are but a few weeks old, there is no lure of a tryst in the far corners of the earth to explain their amazing pilgrimage. Some French naturalists have decided that it is a craving for more light that prompts a flight toward the south when the days shorten in the north countries.

Another view is that bird migration is a proof of the polar origin of life. As the North Pole cooled, life developed, some of it evolving into bird forms, and there began to be a slight movement toward warmer areas in the winters. Gradually the earth cooled throughout, the bird migrations extending, and now, except in the case of certain acclimated species, there is spontaneous return in spring toward the primitive fountains of all world life. Inasmuch, however, as recent explorations indicate that certain birds summer in Antarctic regions, the North Pole theory would appear to be in need of revision.

After years of study devoted to the topic, Professor Alfred Newton, of Cambridge, stated in 1878 that without doubt, bird migration is the greatest mystery in the entire animal kingdom—"a mystery," he added, "that can be no more explained by the modern man of science than by the simple-minded savage of antiquity."

On the disputed points of migration and the velocity and altitude of flight he withheld definite opinion.

Professor W. W. Cooke, who, in the interests of the United States, is superintending the present study of bird migration, announced in the Government's first report, fifteen years ago:

"We are entirely wanting in exact knowledge of the speed at which birds migrate, and for some time to come all we can do is to gather material."

Since then, the investigations of ornithologists have resulted in great discoveries. Professor Cooke is now at work getting into shape for an exhaustive publication the reports of 20,000 observations of migration phenomena in North America; and though his conclusions, he states, will be found to be at variance with many contemporaneous naturalists, the work is looked forward to with great interest, as it is believed that it will clear up many perplexing problems.

Simultaneous with the work of Professor Cooke in America are Russian, German and English investigations, which are also resulting in surprising revelations. Astronomers studying the stars and moon at night have seen at great altitudes myriads of birds migrating with incredible speed. In the interest of ornithological science, these astronomers have in some instances calculated the rate of flight. Some of these results were so astounding that their computants are unwilling, while the subject is open to worldwide inquiry, to publish the record of velocity

indicated, for they are convinced that the public in general, and even many ornithologists, would regard as wildly extravagant the facts which their observations and calculations have revealed.

Hitherto, because of this wonderful velocity at altitudes beyond the reach of the unaided human eye, the data of bird migration have been almost wholly derived from the altogether different phenomena sometimes occurring in the autumn journey, when birds of a number of species remain close to the earth, even flitting from tree to tree and field to field, tarrying to sing or forage during their pilgrimage. But migration proper, particularly the great spring movement, is now declared to be an event out of all keeping with the ordinary laws of bird life. On these long and swift flights, when birds are enabled by some unexplained power to accomplish feats impossible to them at other periods, their aërial path lies usually above the highest clouds, and they are seldom brought to earth except when sudden storms happen to rush above the serene atmosphere in which the migration is progressing. In fact, Doctor Gatke holds that all previous deductions in regard to migration phenomena are of little avail, inasmuch as birds have been conducting their annual flights literally beyond the ken of most of the men who have attempted to study them.

What has further complicated the study of migration is that the birds in flight emit cries that they never employ at any other period. Professor Cooke, Doctor Newton, Doctor Gatke and others have been diligently engaged in trying to evolve out of this babel of bird tongues a new department of ornithological science. For a quarter of a century Professor Cooke has devoted himself to the phenomena of bird migration.

As a naturalist he is readily conversant with notes of birds of all species. A bird cry of any sort in the woods at once proclaims the species to this ornithologist. Yet in all the fifty seasons that he has listened at night from housetops to the cries of migrating birds he says that he has been able to recognize only seven species. Many other scientific listeners have not been able to recognize a single species.

A fascinating thing in regard to these notes used only during migration is that, flocks of distinct species and genera, issuing from widely-separated portions of the earth, and meeting perhaps for the first time as their directions cross far above the earth's surface, seem to understand each other. At those lofty heights they seem to exchange greetings and pass without conflict. It is the opinion of some of the modern naturalists that these migrating notes are part of a universal bird language, reserved for use only in their world-wide journeyings.

The highest mountain on earth, the Deodkunga, of the Himalayas, rises to an elevation of 29,000 feet above the sea level, yet there are birds that easily fly over it. The extreme altitude to which man can rise with safety is 26,000 feet; it has been exceeded, but in some cases with fatal results. What enables birds, which are warm-blooded animals supplied with lungs and a complete respiratory system, to remain above these altitudes, and there to display not only undiminished but vastly increased powers of muscular activity, has been included in the current studies of bird migration. In past experiments, pigeons have been released from balloons at great altitudes. Some of the birds returned after several days to the starting-point; others dropped like stones, without the slightest power of flight. Recent investigations show that these experiments throw no light on bird flight in migration times, inasmuch as all species, so far as known, just before embarking on their perilous journeys subject themselves to a careful diet and start with their stomachs empty. This singular preparation applies exclusively to the migration undertaken at great altitudes. Examinations of numbers of stomachs of birds baffled by sudden storms in their attempts to set out on these journeys have recently established this unique fact of a pre-migratory abstinence. Though they had started from regions abounding in their favorite diet, the birds had permitted their last meal wholly to digest and had stoically refrained from further food before setting out on their hemispheric voyage.

In trying to determine why birds can live and actually conduct flight at great speed at altitudes in which man reels unconscious, ornithologists have made careful examination, recently, of the air-sacs with which nearly all species are provided. It is found that the total volume of the bird's pneumatic equipment exceeds that of the body. The internal body heat of a bird is about 42° C. (107° F.) At a height of 20,000 feet Glaisher found the temperature of the air to be 25° C. (13° F.) below zero. The difference, therefore, in temperature between the internal heat of birds and that of the atmospheric strata chosen by them for their migration is now estimated to be about 67° C. This renders the birds remarkably buoyant, the volume of warm air stored in the bird's body being far lighter than the same cubic quantity of surrounding atmosphere. This is held partially to explain how a migrant is enabled to develop such remarkable velocity, the series of pneumatic sacs, when they are filled with air, making it possible for the bird to remain afloat without exertion and permitting it to employ all its power to the acceleration of the forward movement. Current investigations disclose that birds have yet other powers of soaring and floating than those accounted for in their air-sac equipment.

Leading up to this remarkable discovery, ornithologists have now found that a great proportion of birds which migrate by night are species which ordinarily are helpless in the darkness, and if stirred to flight after twilight during any other period will flounder about timidly and with extreme awkwardness. Doctor Gatke, however, has discovered that at dusk of the day, when the great migratory passion takes possession of birds of a species accustomed, ordinarily, to activity only by day, these little creatures lose all fear and, with a dexterity and resolute courage unparalleled in Nature, rise suddenly and without apparent effort to enormous heights, and then, heedless of the black night, start with rocket-like velocity toward their destination.

The fact that day birds become nocturnal at migration time, uttering notes used on no other occasion in the year, that they fly at a speed beyond their ordinary powers and at heights beyond their ordinary haunts, led Doctor Gatke to believe that they possess in their powers of flight and soaring some principle not employed on any other occasion, and hitherto not taken into account by naturalists. As all their traits at this period are anomalous, it was reasonable, he thought, to expect that investigation would reveal some new principle of flight which may revolutionize all the theories of aërial navigation.

One explanation of the power of birds to rise balloon-like at the migratory period has been that they are then enabled to vibrate their individual feathers. Doctor Gatke scouts this theory, after a series of telescopic observations. He began his inquiries by noting the reverse phase of seemingly the same phenomenon; namely, the power of birds without apparent effort to submerge themselves in water. At the Hamburg Zoölogical Gardens many observations were made of a cormorant which, ordinarily floating so as to make almost no depression in the water, would at will immerse itself, and remain thus ambushed in water, with only its beak and eyes above the surface. It was lurking for swallows, and was able by some mysterious law to continue indefinitely below water. No movement was employed, since the slightest sign of life would have warned the swallows of danger.

Similar observations were made of the great northern diver. This bird, entirely apart from its diving feats, which are partly accomplished by muscular activity, has the power, like the cormorant, to sink itself and remain for long periods with only its head protruding. This ability it invokes particularly when hard pressed by gunners. The total bulk of this bird is about one cubic foot. It weighs fifteen pounds. A cubic foot of water from the North Sea, where the observations were conducted, weighed sixty-two pounds. How the bird is able to overcome this vast difference in specific gravity and remain submerged is at present beyond scientific explanation, but Doctor Gatke believes that the power is merely the reverse expression of the unknown principle that enables birds at the period of migration to rise without wing movement to immense heights.

Naturalists call attention to the fact that the wing surface of birds, for example like the herring-gull *(Larus argentatus)*, is not great enough, in comparison with the bulk of the body, nor are the wings of sufficient concavity, to serve even in the capacity of a parachute in letting the bird down gently from high altitudes. The wonder grows when it is considered that by simply extending the wings these birds rise, suggesting, in their motionless ascent, the vertical soaring of a balloon. "The nature of this phenomenon," says a naturalist who has devoted a lifetime to bird study, "lacks every kind of adequate explanation."

After repeated observations, the only action apparent is a slight contraction of the plumage. Whether the ascent is due to a sudden inflation of the extensive system of air-passages or to some internal dynamic employment of the air there stored may long remain a mystery, but it opens a fascinating field for research, and one that some naturalists believe may result in discoveries of great benefit to future aërial locomotion on the part of the human race.

What other scientists have hesitated to make public in regard to the speed of birds, as disclosed by calculations and other observations, Doctor Gatke has boldly announced. Deeply engrossed in bird study for over half a century, his later years devoted almost exclusively to the current inquiry into bird migration, the announcement of his discoveries makes fiction pale. His studies of bird velocity in the migratory flight have furnished him with definite data, hitherto undreamed of, in regard to over three hundred species.

The familiar prodigious feat of the ruby-throated humming-bird of the United States *(Trochilus colubris)* in passing, like a speck snatched from a rainbow, over a distance of 2000 statute miles twice a year, has been hitherto cited by naturalists as the most amazing fact in migration. Perhaps, when the speed and altitude of flight of this diminutive creature are determined, its annual pilgrimage will again be classed as phenomenal. In the presence, however, of more definite knowledge concerning other species, the achievements of the ruby-throat, marvelous as they are, must be regarded as very ordinary events. It is now announced that the hooded crow *(Corvus cornix)*, ordinarily a sluggish bird, hurls itself, by some unaccountable law, through space during its spring migration at the enormous rate of one hundred and eight miles an hour, while the northern bluethroat, which normally is a hopping rather than a flying bird, resorting to wing flight only when besieged, performs the amazing feat during migration of flying one hundred and eighty miles to the hour. Ornithologists who have not shared in these observations are amazed at the revelations. Doctor Gatke's prominence as a member of the Zoölogical Society of London, the British Ornithological Union, the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, the Ornithological Society of Vienna, the Hungarian Ornithological Union, and of the Permanent International Ornithological Committee, is attracting to his conclusions the serious attention of scientists the world over. In regard to the northern bluethroat, he says there is conclusive evidence to show that in one unbroken nocturnal flight it passes from Central Africa to the German Sea, a distance of 1600 miles, making the journey in nine hours. From its winter home in Africa observations have determined that it starts after sunset, arriving at its far northern summer haunts before dawn of the next morning. Yet more wonderful than this flight of the northern bluethroat is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover *(Charadrius virginicus)*, which leaves its northern haunts in North America and, taking a course down the Atlantic, usually from four hundred to five hundred miles east of the Bermudas, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of 3200 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

This seems incredible, but Doctor Gatke says that many species ordinarily regarded as sluggish of wing pass—even at a manifest slackening of speed—from his observatory on Heligoland across that island to the oyster-beds, 22,000 feet distant, in one minute. When the migratory flight is at its greatest speed, two hundred and forty miles an hour he regards as nothing extraordinary.

It was believed that the present studies in the phenomena of migration might enable geologists to remap the planet on prehistoric outlines, the assumption being that birds have followed the courses marked out by ancient landmarks, long since submerged. The announcement of the inexplicable course of the Virginia plover would seem to overthrow this theory. Assuming that there had been a depression of land a little short of a metre for each century along the route of migration, the floor of the ocean, now from 2000 to 3000 fathoms deep along the plover's path, would have consumed from four hundred to six hundred thousand years in reaching its present level. But Darwin, Credner, Hann and others have been convinced that there has been no depression of that character in that part of the Atlantic.

In spite of all their accumulated knowledge on the subject, the most progressive ornithologists confess that the facts of bird migration are as incomprehensible as if these restless wanderers had suddenly arrived from some distant planet. The latest theories overturn previous deductions, many of the observers now claiming that none of the visible marks of the earth's configuration guide the birds at the times of their migrations along aërial routes, sometimes three miles above the walks of man. Though Doctor Gatke takes the lead in setting forth many of these phenomena, he makes no pretense of solving the riddle. In regard to the problem of the altitude and velocity of bird flight Captain F. W. Hutton says, in his Mechanical Principles Involved in the Sailing Flight of the Albatross, that in a perfectly calm atmosphere this bird with outstretched wings would drop, unless it were also executing a forward movement. Doctor Gatke, however, summing up his lifelong studies, says: "My observations are so much at variance with all explanations based on known mechanical laws that I am obliged to consider the question of the migratory flight as yet unsolved and a perfectly open one."

FORTUNES AND FREAKS IN ADVERTISING—By Paul Latzke

When the Circus Comes to Town

SOMEWHERE in this land of freedom a band of awe-struck reporters is gathered to-day about the person of Tody Hamilton. I don't know even remotely where Tody Hamilton may be to-day—North, South, East, or West. Nor is that detail at all necessary to the picture, for "during the season" one day is as another with Tody Hamilton. Every day finds him at his grateful task, providing entertainment and "copy" for the representatives of the untrammeled American press.

A younger generation of newspaper men is growing up that calls Tody Hamilton "Mister" Hamilton, but for thirty years and more he has been "Tody" to those who have carefully written out the wonderful stories he has spun for their profit and edification, and, incidentally, for the glory of the Greatest Show on Earth. Editors, many of them are now, and proprietors, moulders of public opinion and leaders of political thought, but to-day as of yore, Tody Hamilton may have anything that is theirs, and their news columns, unpurchasable by others, are his for the asking. And this is the crowning glory of the press-agent, a specialized brand of the advertising profession of which Tody Hamilton is the acknowledged dean.

The press-agent is probably the oldest figure in the domains of expert advertising. He existed even before the old-line advertising agent. But it was not until Tody Hamilton came into the field that the status of this branch of the profession was fixed. And even now, though there are thousands of press-agents of one kind or another in the country, there are few with reputations. That is due to the fact that really great press-agents are never made. They are born into the world predestined. They combine the rarest qualities. They are good writers, brilliant diplomats, perfect judges of human nature, consummate politicians, masters of personal magnetism, in fact, possessors of most of the things of character deemed desirable in this world. And they need them all to be really successful in their profession. For it is easier, far easier, for a rich man to get into heaven than for any man or institution, rich or poor, to get into the newspapers on a satisfactory basis. It is easy enough to buy one's way in, to take up pages of advertising space, and even to eat up columns of "reading-notices" so cleverly set and so expertly put together that many laymen are fooled into believing them to be the real thing, the unbought tribute to genuine glory and merit. But the discerning easily know the difference between the bought and the unbought in the reading-columns, and only the really great press-agent may procure the unbought on a scale that is worth while. The recent adventures of Tody Hamilton make this clear in the most fascinating way.

It will be remembered that the Greatest Show is only recently returned to this country from Europe. For five years it was abroad, and the things that were done to the Europeans during those five years in the way of "genteel publicity" make a collection that might pair off with the Arabian Nights.

In London, after the first blush of newness had worn off the show, the publicity was not moving fast enough to suit Mr. Hamilton. So one day a quiet tip was sent out to the newspapers, from some mysterious source, that the ladies and gentlemen who made up the side-show attractions—the Dog-Faced Boy and the Lion-Faced Girl, the Living Skeleton and the Fat Lady, the Tattooed Man and the Double-Jointed Woman, and all the rest—were suffering under a gross injustice, forced on them by the proprietors of the circus.

"Despite their protests," read the tip, which came in the shape of a typewritten communication, "these unfortunate people are compelled to submit to the indignity of being billed and described as 'Human Freaks.' Now, notwithstanding their physical peculiarities, all these people are as sensitive in their feelings as any other class of the human family, and they feel keenly the opprobrium and outrage that is contained in the appellation 'Freak.' They have made proper presentation of their grievance to the proprietor of the exhibition, but without avail. They now propose to force redress by taking concerted action, and for this purpose they will hold a joint meeting to-morrow afternoon. The object of this meeting will be to enlist public sympathy and compel the substitution of some more dignified term for the word 'Freak.'"

Any one who has lived in London, even temporarily, knows how keen it is for the protection of human rights. Suggest to any London editor that human liberty is being abridged in any way, shape, manner or form, and at once he scents an attack on the Magna Charta and flies to the rescue. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that every paper in London from the great and dignified Times to the flippant ha'penny sheets should have their best reporters on the spot when the "Freaks'" indignation meeting was called to order.

It was a thoroughly conservative affair, conducted on strictly parliamentary lines. The Armless Man, who writes visiting cards with his toes, called the meeting to order, wielding the gavel skilfully with his right foot. The Tattooed Man made the opening address. He was followed by the Albino Lady in a few brief but pithy remarks. And then the discussion became general, all the ladies and gentlemen being given an opportunity to state fully and freely their grievances.

When the protests were all in and recorded in the minutes by the Rubber-Skinned Man, the manager of the circus appeared on the platform to make a few remarks on behalf of Mr. Bailey. The proprietor, this gentleman assured the meeting, was as much averse to the word "Freak" as any of them and would be glad of a proper substitute. But the difficulty lay in finding such a substitute. The best talent in Mr. Bailey's employ had grappled with the problem, but so far without avail. The management, the speaker assured his audience with much feeling, sympathized thoroughly with the wounded sensibilities of the ladies and gentlemen who made up the side-show, and would do anything in its power to give them relief, if a way were pointed out. There was some cheering at this statement, but for the most part the manager's remarks were coldly received and in a spirit of apparent disbelief. The manager, after skilfully summing up, admitted that he felt this spirit, and in order that he might disarm it and show how thoroughly sincere the management was in its endeavor to secure alleviation, he would, on behalf of Mr. Bailey, offer a prize of forty pounds to the person or persons who could suggest a substitute for the word "Freak."

"Such a substitute," the manager concluded, "must, however, be as thoroughly expressive of the situation as the word 'Freak' is, and have in it the dignity which we admit the word 'Freak,' as applied to our friends here, lacks."

Next morning the proceedings of the meeting were reported in full in every daily paper in London. The Times, the

BILLING THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

Telegraph, the Star, and all the other metropolitan dailies, large and small, carried from three-quarters of a column to two columns. The Times had a column and a half on the front page.

The entire city of London took up the discussion, and substitutes for the word "Freak" poured into every newspaper office in the city. The mail-bags of the Greatest Show on Earth were full to bursting with suggestions that came from every part of the United Kingdom. The best of these were given out to the newspapers. In addition, the newspapers printed on their own account communications received on the subject from men and women, and even children, in all ranks of life. Every day for nearly two weeks the main line in the bulletins that are issued by the London publishers was taken up by this burning question. Lady Colin Campbell was sent by the dignified Telegraph to interview the female members of the "Freak" colony with the view to bringing out their special grievances and the peculiar hardships involved on them in being dubbed "Lady Freaks." Finally, after no end of fuss and feathers and publicity, the "Freaks" and the management accepted a suggestion made by Canon Wilberforce, one of the most eminent divines in England, who, in a long communication to one of the morning newspapers, pointed out the eminent justice of the protest entered by the unfortunate men and women who made up the side-show. He wound up by offering the word "Prodigy" as a dignified and yet expressive substitute for "Freak." And "Prodigy" it is to this day in England, or, as Mr. Hamilton brought it out in letters several feet high on the billboards:

"PEERLESS PRODIGIES OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA"

With the ice thus broken, the London papers thereafter shied at nothing in the shape of "news" that came out of the press office at Olympia Circus. Their entire previous history was revolutionized. Illustrated articles appeared weekly, and Mr. Hamilton, who at first had been looked on with typical British suspicion, came to be hailed with as much joy and warmth as had always been his lot in American newspaper offices. The editors who had taken the "Freak" story in dead earnest realized, of course, after a while, that it had all been a clever game. But this only heightened their esteem for the man who had so adroitly worked them.

When he struck out into the Provinces, the Yankee press-agent found his way pretty well smoothed by his London exploits. But there were certain things in which the Provincial papers of the first class were even more conservative and British than were those of London. The manager of the Yorkshire Post, for example, refused absolutely to run any cuts for the circus people. The Post is I don't know how many hundred years old and such a thing as running cuts had never been allowed from the time of its birth. Mr. Hamilton, undaunted, pointed out to the manager that the Post owed it to its readers as a solemn duty to print the circus cuts. He admitted that cuts ordinarily were not desirable, and that the rule of the Post was a most excellent one; but here it was not a question of advertising, nor of an ordinary show, but it was a question of presenting to the readers of the Post pictures of an "Institution," an "Institution" patronized by their Royal Highnesses with one overwhelming accord and commended by their Royal Highnesses to the great British public as an exhibition on a par with Parliament, the Zoological Gardens, the British Museum, and other institutions of accepted standing and worth. The amazed manager was carried off his feet by this presentation of the case, and after some parleying finally consented to submit the question to his board of directors, who would meet the following week.

"My dear sir," protested Mr. Hamilton earnestly, "that is out of the question."

"What?" asked the manager.

"To wait until next week. This matter is, I assure you, of extreme importance and should be settled at once, if justice is to be done to your readers."

Before the Englishman knew very well how it was done, he was on his way to see the chief owner of the corporation, and to him he made such strong recommendations that a meeting of the directors was called for the following day. At this meeting the public duty of the paper in the matter was solemnly weighed, and it was finally decided by a unanimous vote that the paper could do no less in justice to its constituents than to accept Mr. Hamilton's advertising cuts.

In Manchester, the Guardian is the great paper, and it stands as imposing as the town itself. Here the press-agent of the Greatest Show ran plump into a new situation. The Guardian had never broken its column-rules in all its history and, furthermore, had always divided even single-column advertisements with rules at certain distances. This was done, the manager explained, from a stern sense of British justice.

"If," he said, "we should sell to any one advertiser a large and unbroken space, it would involve a grave injustice to our smaller advertisers, who cannot afford to pay for a large space and whose announcements would therefore be drowned out."

Mr. Hamilton allowed the logic of this to sink deeply into his mind and then set about overcoming the situation. He contracted for two columns for each issue and turned in his copy, asking only that proof of the advertisements be submitted. When it was put into type, he found his advertisement divided for its entire length down the middle, and in addition divided crosswise by thirty rules, according to the regulations of the paper.

With his proof in his hand he went to the manager and said:

"You say that your rules of business here are founded on strict justice—that you insist on these divisions in order to deal fairly with all your advertisers."

"Yes, sir," assented the manager.

Mr. Hamilton put on his sternest look before he proceeded further.

"Well, I don't know what the English conception of justice is, but your action in this case is positively dishonest."

"Sir!" exclaimed the manager, drawing himself up.

"Yes, sir, you are acting dishonestly. You are obtaining my money under false pretenses."

THE CIRCUS AT BORDEAUX. SPECIAL STAND OF POSTERS OPPOSITE THE OPERA HOUSE

The manager gasped. But before he could get himself in shape to reply, Mr. Hamilton went on:

"You charge me for a column of space and I pay for it, and you put in the space that I have paid for, and that is mine, these rules, which take up a considerable part of the space. Now, if that is fair and equitable I should like to know it."

"Well, upon my word, it's never been put to me that way," responded the manager. "I'm sure we wouldn't do anything unfair for the world."

"You certainly are doing it in my case," insisted Mr. Hamilton in a gloomy, pessimistic tone, "and I'm surprised because I've always had great admiration for the fair play characteristic of your country."

"Well, upon my word," reiterated the manager almost helplessly, "I don't know what to say, but I will submit this matter in its new light to our chief owner."

Two days after, another cherished British institution went down under American assault. The Guardian, for the first time in its history, came out with a two-column advertisement unbroken by rules.

But after all, it was on the Continent that the great science of the American press-agent achieved perhaps its most striking triumphs.

In France the advertising privileges of all the papers are farmed out, the publisher being paid outright, by an advertising contractor, for so many columns of space in which the contractor is privileged to sell space to all comers. The news columns are "farmed out" in a similar fashion to certain concessionaires who have the privilege of selling the space to theatrical and show managers who want the class of notices usually given in this country for nothing. In this way every line of dramatic criticism is charged for at a good stiff rate. To get a dramatic criticism or any other sort of notice in the Petit Journal, for example, costs ten dollars a line, a figure that would be prohibitive, of course, to a circus that would want two or three columns, or a page story. In the face of this condition, Mr. Hamilton was advised that it would be hopeless for him to attempt to get the sort of advance "work" that he wanted. Americans in Paris who knew the ropes, as well as friendly Frenchmen, told him that he might as well cut out that line of campaigning and rely, as other shows must, on the billboards and such small reading-notices as he could afford to pay for at the regular rates. Instead of adopting their advice, Mr. Hamilton got a letter of introduction from a high American official to M. Marioni, proprietor of the Petit Journal.

With this letter it didn't take long to establish friendly relations based on the admiration of two republican citizens, one for the other. Then Mr. Hamilton proceeded to business. As a preliminary, he presented again the idea of his circus as an "Institution." It was not a mere show, but an exhibition sent by America to her sister Republic as the greatest of its kind on earth. As such, Mr. Hamilton pointed out, M. Marioni owed it to the French people to advise them of its great qualities and of its exceptional educational features.

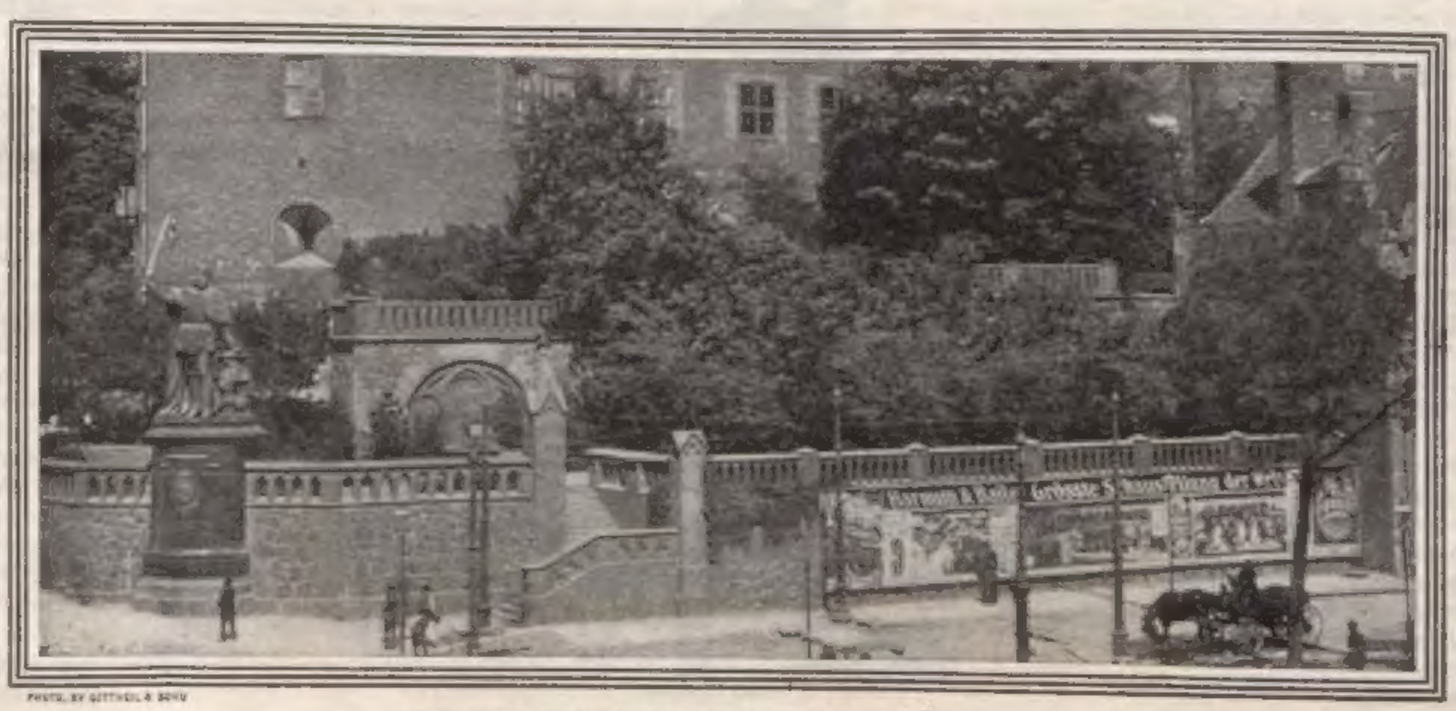
"But, Monsieur," protested M. Marioni politely, "that is out of the question. I have no more control over the reading-columns of the Petit Journal for such purposes than you have. You will have to arrange with the concessionaire."

"But you write up the National Expositions. You have control over your columns for that purpose."

"Ah, yes, but that is a National Institution. That is beyond advertising and for the glory of France. It is as much an Institution as the Louvre or our canal system."

"Exactly. And so is our exhibition. We have not come over here merely for the purpose of making money, M. Marioni. We could do that and stay in America. We have brought to you one of our Institutions as a patriotic duty, in order that you may be the better acquainted with us. You must dismiss entirely from your mind the idea that we are to be classed as a show in the narrow sense. Nor do I ask you to take my word for this. Come with me, or send one of your representatives whom you can trust, to Courtrai, where our

(Continued on Page 19)



CIRCUS BILLS ON THE CASTLE WALLS AT KÖNIGSBERG

"HERE'S A BOY I'VE BROUGHT YOU, NICK"

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—The Boss would write his autobiography. Why? For much the same reason that other autobiographies have been written. But, being a little nervous of his untried English, he has called in his man of ink to guide and shape its aim and end.

My father, he tells, was a blacksmith, out of Clonmel, and my sister Anne with my mother and myself made up the family. I was nine years old when we landed in New York. My parents had little control over me at any time and, as I grew older among new customs, in the busy streets of a great seaport, they came to have daily less. I ran wild with no constraint but my sister's. I haunted the docks, the tugboats and the waterside streets. At fifteen I had increased prodigiously in strength and knowledge of the town, but had little in my head from between the covers of my books. One day I was ranging the waterside when I came upon a shipload of immigrants disembarking. A fresh-cheeked little English girl caught my sympathy with her innocent bewilderment. I was for directing her to a decent lodging when Sheeny Joe, a flashy runner for a resort of none the best reputation, elbowed me roughly aside and began to pour his patter in Apple Cheek's ear. I struck him down once and again. The policeman to whom he rushed for protection gave an impartial ear to his complaint and would have dealt with me honestly, when, on the evil moment, who should loom over the edge of the quarrel but Big Kennedy, the Boss of the Ward, whose henchman was Sheeny Joe. Big Kennedy would hear no argument from any of us and clapped us into jail for a hearing before the magistrate the morning following.

CHAPTER III

THAT night, under lock and key, was a night of long delirium. Drunken men babbled, cursed and shouted, while a lunatic creature laughed and screamed like bedlam. Once I heard the low click of sobs and thought it might be poor, unhappy Apple Cheek. The surmise went wide, for she was held in another part of the prison.

It was in the first streaks of the morning before I slept. My slumbers did not last long; it seemed as though I had but just shut my eyes when a loud rap of iron on iron brought me up, and there stood one armed with a key so large it might have done for the gate of a giant's castle. It was this man hammering with his weapon on the gate of my cell that roused me.

"Now then, young gallows-bird," said the functionary, "be you ready for court?"

The man, though rough, gave me no hard impression, for he wore a tolerant grin and had eyes of friendly brown. These amiable signs endowed me with courage to ask a question.

"What will they do with me?" I queried. I was anxious, for I had no experience to be my guide. "What will they do? Will they let me go?"

"Sure they'll let you go." My hopes gained their feet. "To Blackwell's." My hopes lay prone again.

The turnkey, for such was the man's station, had but humored me with one of the stock jokes of the place. On seeing my distress, and perhaps, too, remembering that I was tender in years and no frequent tenant of the cells, with sensibilities trained to the safe consistency of leather, he continued:

"No, I'll tell you the truth, youngster. If you pleads guilty, an' there's no one there but the cop, it'll be about ten dollars or twenty days on the Island. But if Sheeny Joe comes 'round to exhibit his nose, or Big Kennedy shows up to stall ag'inst you, why I should say you might take six months and call yourself in luck."

There was nothing to brighten the eye in this news, and my ribs seemed to enclose a heart of wood.

With a vile dozen to be my companions, frowsy, bleary creatures, some shaking with the dumb ague of drink whose fires had died out, I was driven along a narrow corridor, up a pair of stairs, and into a room of respectable size! Its dimensions, however, would be its only claim to respectability, for the walls and ceilings were smoke-blackened, while the floors might have come the better off for a pailful of soap and water.

Once within the room I found myself in a railed pen. Against the wall, with a desk before him and raised above the herd by a platform, sat the magistrate. There was a fence which divided the big room, and beyond and leaning on it lolled the public, leering and listening—as hard an array as one might wish to see. One might have sentenced the entire roomful to the workhouse and made few mistakes. Inside this fence, and gathered for the most part about the magistrate, were those who had business with the court; officers, witnesses, friends and enemies of the accused, with last, although not least, a collection of the talent of the bar, many of them brisk Jews, and all marked by soiled linen, frayed elbows, greasy collars, and an evident carelessness as to the state of their hands and faces. There were boys to wait on these folk of the law—a boy to each, I should say. None of these urchins was older than I, and some no more than twelve. They carried baize bags, chatted gravely while waiting the call of their masters, and gave to themselves strutting airs and brows of consequence. These engaging children, in a spirit of loyalty, doubtless, showed themselves as untainted of water as were their betters.

While I rehearse these sordid appearances as developed in the dim lights which, through the grimy windows, fell across the scene, you are not to suppose the notice of them preyed upon me. I was in that hour neither so squeamish nor so observant as to make particular note of them, nor was I to that degree the slave of soap in my own roving person as to justify the risk of strictures which might provoke retort. Besides, I was thinking dolefully on that trip to Blackwell's Island of which the future seemed so full, and my eyes scanned the judge on the bench rather than the others who were not so important in my affairs.

While in the mills of great misery, still I was steady enough; I turned my gaze upon the magistrate, and sought in his looks and words, as he went about the sorry destinies of other delinquents, some spark of what I might look forward to for myself. The dignitary in question showed lean and sallow and bald, with a sly face and an eye in which the great expression was one of sleepless self-interest. He did not come on one as either brave or good, but he had nothing brutal or vindictive, and his timid mealy voice was shaken by a quaver that struck one like a perpetual apology for what judgments he from time to time would pass. His sentences were invariably light, except in instances where some strong influence from the outside, generally a politician or the agent of a big company, arose to demand severity.

While within the railed pen with those other unfortunates whom the dragnets of the police had brought to these mean shores, and in an interval when my fascinated eyes were off the magistrate, I caught sight of Anne and my father. They had seats inside the fence; the latter's face was clouded with simple trouble; he wore his Sunday coat, and his hands, hard and showing the stains of his craft, roved in uneasy alternation from his pockets to his lapels and back again. Anne's young eyes were worn and tired, for she had slept as little as had I and wept much more the night before. I could not discover Apple Cheek, although I looked about the room for her more than once. I hoped that they had given Apple Cheek her freedom, and the thought was a half relief. Nothing of such decent sort had come to pass, however; Apple Cheek was waiting with two or three harridans, her comrades of the cells, in an adjoining room.

When my name was called, an officer of the court opened a gate in the prisoners' pen and motioned me to come forth.

"Hurry up!" said the officer, who was for expedition. "W'at's the trouble with your heels? You ain't got no ball an' chain on yet, you know."

Then he gave me a chair in front of the magistrate, where the man of power might run me up and down with his shifty, deprecatory eye.

"There was a girl brought in with him, your honor," remarked the officer of the gate.

"Have her out, then," said the magistrate, whereupon Apple Cheek, a bit disheveled and cheeks redder than ever with the tears she had shed, was produced and given a seat by my side.

"Who complains of these defendants?" asked the magistrate in a mild, non-committal voice, glancing about the room.

"I do, your honor."

It was Sheeny Joe, who came pushing to the fore from a far corner. His head had received the benefit of several bandages, and it gave me a dullish joy to think it was I who had furnished the reason of them.

The magistrate seemed to know Sheeny Joe, and to hold him in consequence at that. The moment my enemy declared himself as the complainant, and no one springing up to take my part, the magistrate bent upon me an iron glance that spoke plainly of those six months concerning which the turnkey told. I gave up everything, myself and Apple Cheek, as surely lost.

"Tell your story," said the magistrate to Sheeny Joe. His manner was one of interest and full of commiseration for that unworthy. "What did he assault you with?"

"With a blackjack, your honor, or a piece of lead pipe;" replied Sheeny Joe. "He struck me when I wasn't lookin'. I'm busy trying to tell the girl there w'at hotel she wants. He gives it to me over the head from behind; then as I turns he smashes me across the nose. I couldn't see with w'at, but it was a bar of some kind, mebby iron, mebby lead. As I goes down, I hears the girl sing out 'Kill him!' The girl was eggin' him on, your honor."

This string of lies Sheeny Joe unwound without hitch or pause, and that so rapidly it fair stole my breath away. I felt the eyes of the magistrate upon me; I knew my danger and yet could come by no words for my own defense. I make no doubt, had it not been for a diversion as unlooked for as it was welcome, I should have been marked for prison where I stood.

"I demand to be heard," came suddenly in a high, angry voice. "What that rogue has just uttered is all a pack of lies together!"

It was the reputable old gentleman of the night before who thus threw himself in the way of events. Being escorted through the press of onlookers by an officer, the reputable old gentleman stood squarely in front of the magistrate.

"I demand justice for that boy," fumed the reputable old gentleman, glaring at the magistrate and growing very red in the face; "I demand a jury. As

NEVER WAS I SO LOOKED OVER AND SO QUESTIONED

for the girl, she wasn't ten minutes off the boat; her only part in the offense would seem to be that this scoundrel," pointing to Sheeny Joe, "was striving to lure her away to a low resort."

"The Dead Rabbit a low resort!" cried Sheeny Joe, indignantly. "The place is as straight as a gun."

"Will you please tell me who you are?" asked the magistrate of the reputable old gentleman. He had resumed his non-committal look. The confident vigor of the reputable old gentleman disconcerted him and made him wary.

"I am a taxpayer," said the reputable old gentleman; "yes," donning an air as though the thunders and lightnings of politics dwelt in the word, "yes, your honor, a taxpayer. I do not know this boy, but here are his father and sister to speak for him." Then, as he caught sight of the captain who had ordered him out of the station, "There is a man, your honor, who by the hands of his minions drove me from a public police office—me, a taxpayer!"

The captain grinned easily to find himself thus distinguished. The grin irritated the reputable old gentleman, who was even more peppery than reputable.

"Smile, sir!" cried the reputable old gentleman, shaking his wrathful finger at the captain. "I shall have you before your superiors on charges before I'm done!"

"That's what they all say," remarked the captain, stifling a yawn.

"One thing at a time, sir," said the magistrate to the reputable old gentleman. His attitude was wheedling and propitiatory. "Did I understand you to say that the gentleman and the young lady standing at your back are the father and sister of this boy?"

My father and Anne had taken their stations just to the rear of the reputable old gentleman. The latter, looking around as if to identify them, replied:

"If the court please, I'm told so."

"Your honor," broke in Sheeny Joe with a front of injury, "w'at's that got to do with his sandbaggin' me? Am I to be murdered w'en peacefully about me business, just 'cause a guy's got a father?"

"What were you saying to this girl?" asked the magistrate mildly of Sheeny Joe, and indicating Apple Cheek with his eye, where she sat pale and frightened by my side. "This gentleman"—the reputable old gentleman snorted fiercely—"declares that you were about to lure her to a low resort."

"Your honor, it was the Dead Rabbit," said Sheeny Joe.

"Is the Dead Rabbit, so called," observed the magistrate, turning to the captain who was lounging about, "is the Dead Rabbit a place of good repute?"

"It ain't no Astor House," retorted the captain, "but no one expects an Astor House in Water Street."

"Is it a resort for thieves?"

The magistrate still advanced his queries in a fashion tolerant and subdued. The reputable old gentleman impressed him as one he would not like to offend. Then, too, there was my father—an honest working-man by plain testimony of his face. On the other hand stood Sheeny Joe, broken of nose, bandaged, implacable. Here were three forces of politics, according to our magistrate, who was thinking on a reelection; he would prefer to please them all. Obviously he in no sort delighted in his present position, since whichever way he turned it might be a turn toward future disaster.

"Is the Dead Rabbit a resort for thieves?" again asked the magistrate.

"Well," replied the captain, judicially, "even a crook has got to go somewhere. That is," he added, "when he ain't in hock."

Where this criss-cross colloquy of justice or injustice might have left me, and whether free or captive, I may only guess. The proceedings were to gain another and a final interruption. This time it was the red-faced man, he who had called himself Big Kennedy, to come panting into the presence of the court. The red-faced man had hurried up the stairs, three steps at a time, and it told upon his breathing.

The magistrate made a most profound bow to the red-faced man. Remembering the sombre prophecy of him with the big key, should "Big Kennedy show up to stall ag'inst me," my hope, which had revived with the stand taken by the reputable old gentleman, sunk now to lowest marks.

"What will you have, Mr. Kennedy?" purred the magistrate obsequiously.

"Is the court going to dispose of the cases of this boy and this girl?" interrupted the reputable old gentleman warmly. "I demand a jury trial for both of them. I am a taxpayer and propose to have justice."

"Hold up, old sport, hold up!" exclaimed the red-faced man in cheerful tones. He was addressing the reputable old gentleman. "Let me get to work. I'll settle this thing like throwin' dice."

"What do you mean, sir, by calling me old sport?" demanded the reputable old gentleman.

The red-faced man did not heed the question, but wheeled lightly on the magistrate.

"YOU'RE A TAXPAYER, EH? ALL RIGHT; I'M A TAMMANY LEADER"

"Your honor," said the red-faced man, "there's nothin' to this. Sheeny Joe there has made a misdeal, that's all. I've looked the case over, your honor; there's nothin' in it; you can let the girl an' the kid go."

"But he said the Dead Rabbit was a drum for crooks!" protested Sheeny Joe, speaking to the red-faced man.

"S'pose he did," retorted the other; "that don't take a dollar out of the drawer."

"An' he's to break my nose an' get away?" complained Sheeny Joe.

"Well, you oughter take care of your nose," said the red-faced man, "an' not go leavin' it around where a kid can break it."

Sheeny Joe was not to be shaken off. He engaged in violent argument with the red-faced man; their tones, however, were now more guarded and no one might hear their words beyond themselves. While this went forward the magistrate, to save his dignity, perhaps, and not to have it look as though he were waiting for orders, pretended to be writing in his book of cases, which lay open on his desk.

It was Sheeny Joe who was to bring the conference between himself and the red-faced man to an end. Throughout the whispered differences between them, differences as to what should be my fate, Sheeny Joe showed hot with fury, while the red-faced man was cool and conciliatory; his voice, when one caught some sound of it, was coaxing.

"There's been enough said!" cried Sheeny Joe, suddenly walking away from the red-faced man. "No young shoulder-hitter is goin' to break my nose for fun."

"The kid's goin' *loose*," observed the red-faced man in placid contradiction. "An' the girl goes to her friends, wherever they be, an' they ain't at the Dead Rabbit." Then in a blink the countenance of the red-faced man went from calm into rage. It was on the instant the face of a fighting bulldog. He whirled Sheeny Joe by the shoulder. "See here!" he growled, "one more roar out of you an' I'll stand you up right now, an' it's you who will take sixty days, or my name ain't Big John Kennedy. If you think that's a bluff, call it. Another peep an' the boat's waitin' for you!"

"That's all right, John!" replied Sheeny Joe, his crest falling and the sharpest terror in his face, "That's all right! You know me. Of course it goes as you say! Did you ever know me to buck ag'inst you?"

The red-faced man smiled ferociously. The immediate anger faded from his brow. Leaving Sheeny Joe without further word he again spoke to the magistrate.

"The charges ag'inst these two children, your honor, are withdrawn." He spoke in his old, cool tones. "Captain," he continued, addressing that dignitary, "send one of your plain-clothes people with this girl to find her friends for her. Tell him he mustn't make any mistakes."

"The cases are dismissed," said the magistrate, making an entry in his book. He appeared vastly relieved with the change in the situation; almost as much, if that were possible, as myself. "The cases are dismissed; no costs to be taxed. I think that is what you desire, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Yes, your honor." Then coming over to where I sat, the red-faced man continued: "You hunt me up to-morrow—Big John Kennedy—that's my name. Any copper can tell you where to find me."

"Yes, sir," I answered faintly.

"There's two things about you," said the red-faced man, rubbing my stubble of hair with his big paw, "that's great in a kid. You can hit like the kick of a pony; an' you can keep your mouth shut. I ain't heard a yell out of you, mor'n if you was a bull terrier." This admiringly.

As we left the magistrate's office—the red-faced man, the reputable old gentleman, my father, Apple Cheek, and myself with Anne holding my hand as though I were some treasure lost and regained—the reputable old gentleman spoke up stiffly to the red-faced man.

"I commend what you have done, sir; but in that connection, and as a taxpayer, let me tell you that I resent your attitude toward the magistrate. You issued your orders, sir, and conducted yourself toward that officer of justice as though you owned him."

"Well, what of it?" returned the red-faced man composedly. "I put him there. What do you think I put him there for? To give me the worst of it?"

"Sir, I do not understand your expressions!" said the reputable old gentleman. "And I resent them! Yes, sir, I resent them as a taxpayer of this town!"

"Say," observed the red-faced man, benignantly, "there's nothin' wrong about you but your head. You had better take a term or two at night school an' get it put on straight. You say you're a taxpayer; you've already fired the fact at me about five times. An' now I asks you: Suppose you be?"

"Taxpayer; yes, sir, taxpayer!" repeated the reputable old gentleman in a mighty fume. "Do you intend to tell me there's no meaning to the word?"

"It means," said the red-faced man in the slow manner of one who gives instruction, "it means that if you're nothin' but a taxpayer—an' I don't think you be or you'd have told us—you might as well sit down. You're a taxpayer, eh? All right; I'm a Tammany leader. You're a taxpayer; good! I'm the man that settles how much you pay, d'ye see!" Then, as though sympathy and disgust were blended: "Old man, you go home; take a hard look at the map and locate yourself. You don't know it, but all the same you're in New York."

CHAPTER IV

PERHAPS you will say I waste space and lay too much of foolish stress on my quarrel with Sheeny Joe and its police-cell consequences. And yet you should be mindful of the incident's importance to me as the starting-point of my career. For I read in what took place the power of the machine as you will read this printed page. I went behind the bars by the word of Big John Kennedy; and it was by his word that I emerged and took my liberty again. And yet who was Big John Kennedy? He was the machine; the fragment of its power which moulded history in the little region where I lived. As mere John Kennedy he would be nothing, or at the most no more than other men about him. But as "Big John Kennedy" an underchief of Tammany Hall, I myself stood witness while a captain of police accepted his commands without a question and a magistrate found folk guilty or innocent at the lifting of his finger. Also, that sweat of terror sprinkling the forehead of Sheeny Joe when, in his moment of rebellion, he found himself beneath the wrathful shadow of the machine was not the least impressive element

(*Continued on Page 23*)

THE JUNIOR PARTNER

He Makes an Estimate on Materials and Men

By Hubert McBean Johnston

FONGER slashed viciously at the stick he was whittling.

"I don't see why the old man should feel like that," said he.

"Well, he does, an' that's all there is about it," replied Haliburton shortly. "Murphy's got no use for any one that's sharp enough to beat him. Seein' I fixed things so as I could dictate terms and make him hand me over a partnership maybe gives him a sort o' respect for me; but it doesn't make him like me any better. The only difference is, he realizes now that the dog is liable to bite and watches me a little closer."

"Watches you? How do you mean?"

"Watches me almost as if I was tryin' to carry off stuff from the job. He's always slinkin' 'round when I'm buyin' anythin'. Probably makin' certain that I don't try any little deals on the side and go graftin' for commissions. He doesn't say anythin', but I know darn well what he means."

"He used to be all right with you?" questioned Fonger.

"Sure," assented the superintendent; "until he commenced to think that I was runnin' the whole thing, an' then he got jealous. He's mighty careful now who he introduces me to. If he finds me talkin' to any friends o' his he slides into the conversation pretty quick an' walks the feller off with him."

Though of a sanguine disposition and not easily cast down, Haliburton was having his troubles. Deeply jealous of the use the superintendent had made of the opportunities that he himself had cast in his way, Murphy would like to have undone his recent actions. A partner, he felt, was by no means a necessity to him; and had it not been that Haliburton had held the whip-hand in the purchase of supplies, he would never have had anything to do with him. Now that that difficulty was safely over, he would gladly have dispensed with the superintendent's services had a reasonable opportunity presented itself. Profits made a larger pile all in one man's pocket than if divided between two.

So matters ran along until early in March. Then they showed signs of culmination in the letting of the pier foundations for the Ridout Bridge. Murphy felt confident of securing the contract. Not only did he have a stand-in with the powers, but, as well, he was in a position to put in a low bid. The bridge being located on the Aux Sable River a mere twenty-five miles below where the Gore Valley Viaduct crossed it, it would not cost him much to transport his plant there. As soon as the Viaduct was finished he could float the equipment away down stream and almost the very next day be in perfect shape to begin work on the other job.

Then he received an unexpected check.

Hearing of the contractor's plans, Haliburton brought up the subject.

"They tell me you're calculatin' to build the Ridout Bridge," said he nonchalantly.

IT WAS SHORT TO THE VERGE OF CURTNESS

"I was thinking perhaps I might bid on it," replied Murphy, not committing himself.

"That's the same as sayin' we'll take it," commented Haliburton. "Ours is the only equipment in this section o' the country that's suited to that kind o' work; an' even if there was another, it couldn't be got there as cheap as this one."

Murphy noticed the "we" and "ours."

"I hadn't figgered on Murphy & Haliburton doing the work," said he dryly. "My idea was that John C. Murphy would be able to handle this job by himself."

Haliburton crossed his legs and settled himself deeper into his chair. "I guess not," he replied. "As a member of the firm that's buildin' the Gore Valley Viaduct, I've got an interest in this here plant. If any biddin's to be done, we'll both have a finger in the pie."

"What'll you take for your interest?" questioned Murphy hotly, very red in the face. "Considering that I gave it to you for nothing, it's a pretty high-handed proceeding asking me to buy it back; but rather than have any feelings about it, I'll give you something if you will make it reasonable."

Haliburton laughed at him.

"Gave it to me!" he snickered between bursts of mirth. "Yes you did—not! It's a lot you'd ever give any one. You gave it to me because you couldn't have made a red cent on it unless you took me in. But my share ain't for sale. I'm not thinkin' o' retirin' just yet."

"You'll have to sell," cried Murphy, losing his temper; "I'm not going to bid with you. Anyway, the big end of the thing is mine."

"That may be; but even if I only owned a dollar's worth I'd want my percentage on it," retorted the other. "However, if you don't bid with me you'll have to bid against me. I've got a footing in the contracting business now an' it'll not be hard for me to get backing."

Murphy knew that Haliburton was talking facts and this was presenting a new phase of the matter. It would never do to bid against each other. If it came to that, each would act on the assumption that it would be possible to buy out the other's interest in the plant once the contract was secured. The probabilities would be that prices might be cut so low as to spoil a good thing completely.

Murphy knew a better way. After some fifteen minutes spent in wrangling over the thing he gave in.

"All right, then," he assented. "Whatever we do, we can't afford to cut the prices. The best thing we can do will be to tackle it together."

Something in the contractor's manner made Haliburton suspicious; but this was not a time for hesitation and he offered no remark.

The bids were to be opened on the first Monday in April at ten o'clock in the morning. Late the preceding Saturday afternoon Murphy and Haliburton met to arrange their estimate.

"We can do the job and make a big profit at about what it 'ud cost any one else," observed Haliburton after he had glanced through the specifications. "This havin' your plant right on the ground counts, I tell you."

Murphy grunted. Unobserved by Haliburton, he was making a copy of the figures upon which they had agreed.

"I'll get down early and arrange about the security bonds," Haliburton remarked as he locked the office door.

"Sure!" Murphy thrust his tongue into his cheek.

The following Sunday, Haliburton spent the afternoon out on the work nosing around among the boiler-houses and lumber piles. When he went back to his boarding-house at six o'clock he found a note awaiting him, the address in Murphy's handwriting. With a premonition of coming evil he ripped the end off the envelope. It was short to the verge of curtness.

> I have decided that it will be best for me to bid alone to-morrow. Murphy.

That was all.

Mechanically, Haliburton put up his hand and shoved his hair back off his forehead. It was a body blow. He felt as if he were standing on the edge of the world looking over into an abyss.

"The old rogue!" he muttered, recovering his breath and his vocabulary at the same time. "Waited till the last minute, so I'd have no time to arrange for backing to bid again' him. Knows my estimated costs, too, an' just about what my bigger 'ud be in case I did manage to get in. He's a shrewd fox! I guess he's got me skinned this time all right."

The following morning the superintendent went into the city to see the bids opened. As he had anticipated, the contract was awarded to Murphy. He made no protest: he felt there was little use in crying over spilled milk.

"Swamped me pretty bad, didn't you?" said he to Murphy, meeting him in the elevator. "Still, it might have been worse. I suppose that you want to buy my share o' the plant now."

A deal was effected at the original cost, less ten per cent. for wear and tear.

Haliburton said little about the unfair advantage the contractor had taken of him. The stock-clerk was the only person to whom he mentioned it.

"By Jove, Fonger," said he one morning in an outburst of anger as he thought of the trick that had been played him, "I ain't much on beefing if a man hits me in the wind when I'm not lookin'; I'm supposed to be able to look out for that. But I usually give two back. I'll make Murphy sweat for this yet: you just watch my smoke."

Murphy was having a tremendous run of luck. Within a fortnight after he landed the Ridout Bridge he caught two other large jobs and one smaller one. That put four jobs on his hands all at once. He regretted then that he had broken with Haliburton—that his steady hand was not to guide the work on the Bridge. Unfortunately, the time-limits on the contracts made it imperative that they all be pushed at once.

Nor was it only a question of securing capable men to look after the work. To keep three large contracts going from one month's end to another until the regular estimates came in required no inconsiderable amount of capital

Thinking the matter over, he resolved to send for Halliburton

When the superintendent arrived, Murphy was the soul of hospitality. He shoved the door shut and drew up his chair so that they could talk without being overheard

"Halliburton," said he, "I'm afraid that I haven't treated you just the way I should."

"You've guessed right," assented the superintendent candidly; "you haven't!"

Murphy was considerably taken aback. He had not looked for such matter-of-fact speaking

"Well," he pursued, hedging, "perhaps I shouldn't have bid alone the way I did; but there were complications which you don't know anything about that drove me to do it

The superintendent sniffed audibly

"You didn't bring me here just to tell me all this. What's your proposition?"

"My proposition is this," said Murphy: "I want to square myself with you if I can. How would you like a piece of the Ridout Bridge to do?"

How much and on what terms?" questioned Halliburton briefly

"The abutments, excavations and approaches. You can put me in a bid on it—a private bid, you know; I'm not asking any one else—and if the price is right, I'll hand it over to you."

Murphy was doing no slight favor—to himself! The Ridout Bridge consisted of but the two abutments and the centre pier. The middle one, being in the water, would have to be built by means of caisson work and compressed air. Murphy kept this for himself. It alone was about half the work. The abutments, however, were merely earth and rock excavation and the approaches simply a case of filling. It meant a lot of work but no unusual difficulties

Halliburton considered the scheme for a moment. Murphy had cheated him out of this very work in the first place, and yet, after all, even if it were only a sub-contract it would be his first job entirely in his own behalf

"I'll take you," he said at length, the sentimental reasons weighing against the practical; "send me your specifications and I'll make a bid."

"They'll be ready next week."

Looking over the specifications the following week, Halliburton observed two striking points about them—first, that a lump-sum bid was called for; and, second, that no quantities were mentioned

"I suppose," thought he, "that the old man doesn't think I need any quantities, seein' I saw them in the original specifications. I'll have to send out and take some for myself."

Then he set about making out his estimate

"Murphy wants to give me this job," he told Fonger. "There's no reason why I shouldn't charge good prices on it. Considerin' I've got the inside track to the extent of knowin' what the old chap figgered it could be done for, I guess it's up to me to make something here."

Murphy's contract price for the whole Bridge was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Halliburton's estimate for his "sub," which was just about half of the whole job, was one hundred and twenty-five thousand

"It's pretty high for a 'sub,'" he explained to the stock-clerk, "but I guess, under the circumstances, it'll go. He wants to get it off his hands and would like me to have it to sort o' appease my mighty wrath, so I guess it'll do."

Murphy accepted the bid

Then after he had accepted it he wrote Halliburton, furnishing him estimated quantities and asking for a price in detail. The superintendent read the latter.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "would you just look at here, Fonger."

The stock clerk glanced over it

"What about it?" he questioned: "I don't see anything"

Then Halliburton changed his mind and resolved to say nothing

"No," replied he quietly, after a moment's thought; "I don't know as there *is* anything to see, either."

That night he made out his itemized bid. With infinite care he figured a price per yard for earth and rock excavation, for filling and grading, and for masonry and concreting. He worked it out and made certain that the totals of his lump sum and detail bids agreed. Then he sent it to Murphy

It was accepted almost off hand. A month later Halliburton began work

Then he discovered that he had even a better thing than he knew at the time he had bid on it. The test borings, by some freak, had shown quite a different quality of soil from that with which he found he had to deal. His work became practically a case of excavating in one spot, throwing the earth into buckets, and then, by means of a chain of derricks, passing it a few hundred yards back and using it for fill. He found that for the one handling of material he was receiving payment twice over. He had estimated on having to load the dirt into cars, run them five miles up the line, and then have them bring back a new load for fill and ballast. At the end of each month he put in estimates for the work accomplished during the preceding thirty days. They were promptly paid

Busy with his other work, Murphy himself paid little attention to these payments, and beyond the mere signing of the checks left the matter entirely in the hands of his bookkeeper, Macpherson, a shrewd old Scotchman. The eleventh estimate, however, happened to catch the contractor in a tight place

"What's the total we've paid this fellow?" he asked.

The clerk hastily checked his figures

"A hundred and thirty-five thousand," said he

"What!" Murphy had laid his pipe on the table and was looking over the figures. Must be something wrong with your addition, my man!'

The bookkeeper said nothing. Standing respectfully aside, he allowed the contractor to examine the book. Murphy hastily ran his pencil down the column. Then a panic ensued. The previous estimates were spread out and the figures carefully compared; even the different items of the estimates themselves were carefully gone into. Three times was the column totaled. Yet the result remained the same.

The day was cool enough but the contractor was mopping his face. His silk handkerchief was already damp

Macpherson," said he to the bookkeeper, "you'd better send young Jenkins over and have Halliburton come down here for half an hour. Tell him I want to see him."

"Halliburton," Murphy questioned when that individual arrived, "what on earth's the matter with these estimates? We've all been figuring for an hour and none of us can make heads or tail of them. I wish you'd explain them to me."

A faint smile was playing around the corners of Halliburton's mouth. He glanced through the mass of papers which the contractor had shoved across to him

I can't see anything wrong," he replied

Murphy was beginning to be convinced that everything was not precisely as it ought to be

Macpherson," he called, "hand me Mr. Halliburton's lump sum bid and that bid in detail with our estimated quantities. Bring them into my office when you've got them: we'll get at the bottom of this thing. Come inside, Halliburton."

Murphy closed the door behind the bookkeeper as he went out. The superintendent lighted a cigar. He saw that the climax was due and settled himself for the storm.

The contractor paid no attention to the pile of papers which Macpherson had laid on the table

Now, then," said he shortly. "I'd like to know what this means. Your bid for that job was a hundred and twenty-five thousand. That was pretty near twenty per cent. higher than I could have got it done for. To-day, I find that we've already paid you that, plus an even ten thousand more—and still you've got a full three months' work ahead of you."

Halliburton grinned. By courtesy, it might have been called a smile of triumph: as a matter of fact, it was just a grin, pure and simple.

"I reckon, Murphy, that maybe the principal trouble is your fault and not any of my making. I've only been sharp enough to take advantage of it. You see, you made a little mistake there a while back and overreached yourself.

I don't see it." Murphy was beside himself with suppressed rage. Never had any one dared to speak so plainly to him

"No, I don't reckon you do. Suppose I put you next and show you what a regular mark you are. Do you remember that lump-sum bid of mine for a hundred and twenty-five thousand? Well, you'd have been all right if you'd had sense enough to stop when you got it. But you didn't: you wanted a detail bid and—well—I gave you one. The only mistake you made was that when you asked for the change and sent me over the quantities so as I could itemize the amount *you underestimated the amount of work!*"

The contractor was gasping

Yes," pursued Halliburton, enjoying his discomfiture, "the whole difficulty that you're up against now lay in those quantities. You see, I made an estimate of my own when I made my first bid. Then the ones you sent over were 'way small—only about two-thirds mine—and to make the amount of my detail bid agree with the total of the lump sum bid I had already sent you, it was necessary to make my prices per yard just about half as much again as I had originally intended. That's one place I came out ahead."

"And?"

That was all Murphy said. The shrewdness of the superintendent fascinated him. He hungered for more details.

Then you know, seein' your quantities came out less than what actually had to be done, there was a pile o' extra work—an' that, too, at mighty good prices. That's what's keepin' me busy now. I reckon we'll be through in two or three months more

"The deuce you will!"

Murphy was completely outdone—and, worst of all, entirely by himself. He had raised the prices on himself just fifty per cent. more than he need have paid and had made fully one third of the job rank under the head of "extras," all of which he had to pay for at the same exorbitant terms.

His grasp of the situation was clear and intelligent; and yet it did not increase his wrath against the superintendent. In fact, the effect was quite the opposite. For every dollar out of which the superintendent had beaten him, his respect for the other's business ability jumped a foot.

"Halliburton," said he after a pause, "I guess that when I told you a while back I hadn't treated you right I was talking more horse-sense than I knew. I made a mistake ever to try to shake you: maybe I made another when I offered you a chance at the thing at all afterward—but that's no matter. Now, I've got another proposition to make you. You go right ahead and finish up this bit of work; put me in a bill for every item you can rake up: I deserve to pay it all for being such an ass. When you're through, come right over to my office and we'll hang out that old sign of ours again. I guess it ain't worn out. I'm not as young as I used to be and I need you in my business. Besides, I'd sooner have you here than on the other side of the fence."

"MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR ADDITION, MY MAN!"

The President's Daughter

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

HE FOUND HIM AT HIS DESK TALKING WITH PADDY McGRAW

CHAPTER XIII

GLOVER looked at his watch; it was Giddings' trick at Medicine Bend and he made little doubt of getting what he asked for. He walked to the eating house, and from there directly across to the roundhouse and started a hurry-call for the night foreman. He found him at his desk talking with Paddy McGraw the engineer that was to have taken out the belated passenger train

'Paddy," asked Glover, "do you want to take me to Medicine to-night?"

They've just canceled Number Six.

"I know it."

"You don't have to go to-night, do you?"

"Yes, with President Brock's car. This isn't as bad as the night you and I and Jack Moore bucked snow at Point of Rocks," said Glover significantly. "Do you remember carrying me from the number seven culvert clean back to the station after the steam-pipe broke?"

"You bet I do, and I never thought you'd see again after the way your eyes were cooked that night. Well, of course, if you want to go to-night, it's go, Mr. Glover. You know what you're about, but I'd never look to see you going out for fun a night like this."

'I can't help it Yet I wouldn't want any man to go out with me to-night unwillingly, I adds

"Why, that's nothing. You got me my first run on this division. I'd pull you to h—l if you said so

Glover turned to the night foreman. "What's the best engine in the house?'

"There's the 1018 with steam and a wedge plow.'

Glover started. "The 1018?"

"She was to pull Six." The mountain man picked up the telephone and, getting the operators, sent a rush message to Giddings. Leaving final instructions with the two men, he returned to the telegraph office. When Giddings' protest about ordering a train out on such a night came, Glover, who expected it, choked it back—assuming all responsibility—gave no explanations and waited. When the orders came he inspected them himself and returned to the car. Gertrude, in the car alone, was drinking coffee from the hotel tray on the card-table. "It was very kind of you to send this in," she said, rising cordially. "I had forgotten all about dinner Have you succeeded?"

Yes Could you eat what they sent?"

"Pray look. I have left absolutely nothing and I am very grateful. Do I not seem so?" she added searchingly. "I want to, because I am

He smiled at her earnestness. Two little chairs were drawn up at the table, and facing each other they sat down while Gertrude finished her coffee and made Glover take a sandwich

When the train conductor came in ten minutes later, Glover talked with him. While the men spoke, Gertrude noticed how Glover overran the dainty chair she had provided. She scrutinized his rough-weather garb, the heavy hunting-boots, the stout reefer buttoned high and the leather cap—crushed, now, with his gloves—in his hand. She had been asking him where he got the cap; and a moment before, while her attention wandered, he had told her the story of a company of Russian noblemen and engineers from Vladivostok who, during the summer, had been his guests, nominally on a bear hunt, though they knew better than to hunt bears in summer It was really to pick up points on American railroad construction. He might go, he thought, the following spring to Siberia himself, perhaps to stay—this man who feared the wind—he had had a good offer. The cap was a present.

The two men went out and [illegible] alone. A flagman, hat in hand [illegible] through the car. The shock of the engine coupler striking the buffer [illegible] her reverie: for her the night meant too much

Glover was with the operators, giving final instructions to Giddings for plows to meet them without fail at Point of Rocks Hastening from the office, he looked again at the barometer. It was still low and the thermometer stood at ten degrees above zero

He made his way through the falling snow to where they were coupling the engine to the car, watched narrowly and, going forward, spoke to the engineer. When he reentered the car it was moving slowly out of the yard

Gertrude put aside her book. "I am glad," she said, looking at her watch. "I hope we shall get there by eleven o'clock, we should, should we not, Mr. Glover?'

"It's a poor night for making a schedule," was all he said The arcs of the long yard threw white and swiftly-passing beams of light through the windows and the warmth and cosiness within belied the menace outside.

At the rear end of the car the flagman worked with one of the tail-lights that burned badly and the conductor watched him. Gertrude laid aside her furs and threw open her jacket Her hat she kept on and, sitting in a deep chair, told [illegible] of her father's arrival from the East on Wednesday and explained how she had set her heart on surprising him that evening at Medicine Bend. "Where are we now?" she asked as the rumble of the whirling trucks deepened

"Entering Sleepy Cat Cañon, the Rat River——"

"Oh, I remember this. I ride on the platform almost every time I come through here so I may see where you split the mountain. And every time I see it I ask myself the same question: How came he ever to think of that?"

It needed hardly that much of an effort to lull her companion's uneasiness. He was a man with no concern at best for danger except as to the business view of it, and when personally concerned in the hazard his scruples were never deep. Not before had he seen or known Gertrude Brock, for from that moment she gave herself deliberately to bewilderment and charm.

The great engine pulling them made so little of its load that they could afford to forget the night; indeed, she gave him no moments to reflect From the quick play of their talk at the table she led him to the piano. When, sitting down, she drew her gloves from her fingers she drew them lazily When he reminded her that she still had on her jacket she did not look up but, leaning forward, studied the page of a song on the rack, running the air with her right hand while she slowly extended her left arm toward him and let him draw the tight sleeve over her wrist and from her shoulder But that was enough, for his attempt to relieve her of the second sleeve she wholly ignored, slipping it lightly off and pursuing the song with her left hand while she let the jacket fall in a heap on the floor. By the time Glover had picked it up and she had frowned at him she might safely have asked, had the fancy struck her, to have the engine headed for the peak of Sleepy Cat Mountain.

Half way through a teasing Polish dance she stopped and asked suddenly whether he had had any supper besides the sandwich; and refusing to receive assurances, forthwith abandoned the piano, rummaged the staterooms, and came back bearing in one hand an immense box of candy and in the other a banjo. She wanted to hear the darky tunes he had strummed at the desert camp-fire and, making him eat of the chocolates, picked meantime at the banjo herself

He was so hungry that unconsciously he dispatched one entire layer of the box while she talked. She laughed heartily at him and, yielding to his solicitation, began tasting the sweetmeats herself. She led him to ask where the box had come from and refused to answer, more than to wonder, as she at length discarded the tongs and proffered him a bonbon from her fingers, whether possibly she wasn't having more pleasure in disposing of the contents than the donor of the box intended Changing the subject instantly, she recalled the night in the car that he had helped in Louise Donner's charade and his absurdly effective pirouetting in a corner behind the curtain where Louise and he thought no one saw them

"But I saw you both and wondered where you learned so much about ballet-dancing—not from Aunt Chloe whom you told Marie of at the camp-fire?"

He was about to reply when the train conductor, coming forward, touched him on the shoulder. Gertrude could not hear what he said, but Glover turned his head and straightened in his chair. "I can't smell anything," he remarked presently. With the conductor he walked to the rear end of the car, opened the door, and the three men went out on the platform

"What is it?" asked Gertrude when Glover came back

"One of the journals in the rear truck is heating. It is curious," he mused, "as many times as I've ridden in this car I've never known a box to run hot till to-night—just when we don't want it to."

He drew down the slack of the bell-cord, pulled it firmly and listened. Two freezing pipes from the engine answered they sounded very cold. A stop was made and Glover, followed by the trainmen, went outside. Gertrude, walking back, saw them in the driving snow beneath the window Their lamps burned bluishly dim. From the journal-box rose a whipping column of black smoke expanding, when water was got on the hot steel, into a blinding explosion of white vapor that the storm snatched away in rolling clouds There was running to and from the engine and the delay was considerable, but they succeeded at last in rigging a small tank above the wheel so that a stream of water should run into the box

The men reentered with their faces stung by the cold, the engine hoarsely signaled and the car started. Glover made little of the incident but Gertrude observed preoccupation in his manner. He consulted frequently his watch. Once, when he was putting it back, she asked to see it. His watch was the only thing of real value he had and he was pleased to show it. It contained a portrait of his mother, and Gertrude, to her surprise and delight, found the delicate picture. She made him answer question after question, asked him to let her take the watch from the chain, and she studied the girlish face of this man's mother until she noticed its outlines growing dim and looked impatiently up at the deck-burners; the gas was freezing in the storage tanks

Glover walked to the rear; the journal, they told him, was running hot again. The engineer had asked not to be stopped till they reached Soda Buttes, where he should have to take water When they finally slowed for the station the box was ablaze

The men, hastening out, found their drip-tank full of ice there was nothing for it but fresh brasses, and Glover, getting down in the snow, set the jack with his own hands so it should be set right. The conductor passed him a bar but Gertrude could not see; she could only hear the ring of the frosty steel Then with a scream the safety-valve of the engine popped, and the wind tossed the deafening roar in and out of the car, now half dark. Stunned by the uproar and disturbed by the failing light she left her chair and, going over, sat down at the

THE ENGINE LEAPED BLINDLY AHEAD INTO THE STORM

window beneath which Glover was working some instinct led her to seek him. When the car door opened the flagman entered with both hands full of snow

"Are you ready to start?" asked Gertrude. He shook his head and, bending over a leather chair, rubbed one hand vigorously with snow.

"Oh, are you hurt?"

"I froze my fingers and Mr. Glover ordered me in," said the boy. Gertrude noticed for the first time the wind and listened. Standing still, the car caught the full sweep, and it rang in her ears, softly, a far, lonely sound

While she listened the lights of the car died wholly out, but the jargon of noises from the truck kept away some of the loneliness She knew he would soon come, and when the sounds ceased she waited for him at the door and opened it hastily as he hurried in. He looked storm-beaten as he held his lantern up with a laugh. Then he examined the flagman's hand, followed Gertrude forward and placed the lantern on the table between them, his face glowing above the hooded light. They were running again, very fast, and the rapid whipping of the trucks was resonant with snow

"How far now to Medicine?" she smiled.

"We are about half way. From here to Point of Rocks we follow an Indian trail."

The car was no longer warm. The darkness, too, made Gertrude restless and they searched the storage-closets for candles. When they sat down again they could hear the panting of the engine. The exhaust had the thinness of extreme cold. They were winding on heavy grades among the Cuttes of the Castle Creek country, and when the engineer whistled for Castle station the big chime of the engine had shrunk to a baby's treble; it was growing very cold

As the car slowed, Glover caught an odor of heated oil and, going back, found the coddled journal smoking again and cursed it heartily; then he went forward to find out what the stop was for He came back after some moments. Gertrude was waiting at the door for him

"What did you learn?"

He held his lantern up to light her face and answered her question with another. "Do you think you could stand a long ride in the engine-cab?"

"Surely, if necessary. Why?"

"The engine isn't steaming over well. When we leave this point we get the full wind across the Sweetgrass plains. There's no fit place at this station for you—no place, in fact—or I should strongly advise staying here. But if you stayed in the car there's no certainty we could heat it another hour. If we sidetrack the car here with the conductor and flagman they can stay with the operator and you and I can take the cab into Medicine Bend."

"Whatever you think best."

"I hate to suggest it."

"It is my fault. Shall we go now?"

"As soon as we sidetrack the car. Meantime——" he spoke slowly—"remember it may mean life—bundle yourself up in everything warm you can find."

"But you?"

"I am used to it."

CHAPTER XII

MUFFLED in wraps, Gertrude stood at the front door waiting to leave the car. It had been set in on the siding and the engine, uncoupled, had disappeared, but she could see shifting lights moving near in the storm. One, the bright, green-hooded light, her eyes followed. She watched the furious snow drive and sting hornet-like at its rays as it rose or swung or circled from a long arm Every moment since he had left her she had watched with straining eyes its coming and going. When his figure vanished her breath followed it and when the green light flickered again her breath returned

The men were endeavoring to reset the switch for the main-line contact Three lights were grouped close about the stand, and, after the rod had been thrown, Glover went down on his knee, feeling under the snow with his hand for the points before he could signal the engine back; one thing he could not afford, a derail She saw him rise again, and saw dimly both his arms spread upward and outward. She saw the tiny lantern swing a cautious indication and presently, like a monster apparition called out of the storm, the frosted outlines of the tender loomed from the darkness. The engine was being brought to where the president's daughter could step with least exposure from her vestibule to its cab gangway With exquisite skill the unwieldy monster, forced to spite of night and stress to do its master's bidding, was being placed for its extraordinary guest

Picking like a trained beast with cautious strength its backward steps, the throbbing machine, storm-crusted and storm beaten, hissing its steady defiance at its unrelenting enemy, halted, and Gertrude was lighted and handed across the short path, passed up inside the canvas door by Glover and helped to the fireman's box

Out in the storm she heard from the conductor and flagman rough shouts of good luck. Glover nodded to the engineer, the fireman yelled good-by, slammed back the furnace door, and a blinding flash of white heat for an instant took her senses; when he slammed the door to they were moving softly, the wind was singing at the footboard sash and the injectors were loading the boiler for the work ahead.

SHE COULD ONLY HEAR THE RING OF THE FROSTY STEEL

A berth blanket fastened between Gertrude and the side window and a cushion on the box made her comfortable. Under her feet lay a second blanket. She had come in with a smile, but the gloom of the cab gave no light to a smile Only the gauge-faces high above her showed the flash of the Lull's-eyes and the multitude of sounds overawed her

On the opposite side she could see the engineer, padded snug in a blouse, his head bullet-tight under a cap, the long visor hanging beaklike over his nose. His chin was swathed in a roll of neckcloth and his eyes, whether he hooked the long lever at his side or stretched both his arms to latch the throttle, she could never see Then, or when his hand fell back to the handle of the air, as it always fell, his profile was silent If she tried to catch his face he was looking always, statue like, ahead.

Standing behind him, Glover, with a hand on a roof-brace, steadied himself. In spite of the comforts he had arranged for her, Gertrude, in her corner, felt a lonely sense of being in the way. In her father's car there was never lacking the waiting deference of trainmen; in the cab the men did not even see her

In the seclusion of the car a storm hardly made itself felt, in the cab she seemed under the open sky. The wind buffeted the glass at her side, rattled in its teeth the door in front of her, drank monstrously the steaming flame from the stack and dashed its cinders into the thin roof at her head with terrifying force. With the gathering speed of the engine the cracking exhaust ran into a din that deafened her and she was shaken and jolted. The plunging of the cab grew violent and with every lurch her cushion shifted alarmingly She resented Glover's placing himself so far away and could not see that he even looked toward her. The furnace door slammed until she thought the fireman must have thrown in coal enough to last till morning; but unable to realize the danger of overloading the fire, he stopped only long enough to turn various valve wheels about her feet, and with his back bent resumed his hammering and shoveling as if his very salvation were at stake so, indeed, that night it was

Gertrude watched his unremitting toil, his shifty balancing in the swaying, with ever-growing amazement, but for others gave it not the slightest heed. The engineer looked only ahead and Glover's face behind him never turned. Then Gertrude for the first time looked through her own sash out into the storm

Strain as she would, her vision could pierce to nothing beyond the ceaseless sweep of the thin, wild snow across the brilliant flow of the headlight. She looked into the white until her eyes tired, then back to the cab, at the flying shovel of the fireman, the peaked cap of the muffled engineer, at Glover behind him, his hand resting now on the reverse lever hooked high before him. But some fascination drew her eyes always back to that bright circle in the front—to the sinister snow, retreating always and always advancing, flowing always into the headlight and out and above it darkening into the fire that streamed from the dripping stack. A sudden lurch threw her nearly from her seat and she gave a little scream as the engine righted. Glover, beside her like thought, caught her outstretched hand. "A curve," he said, bending apologetically toward her ear as she reseated herself. "Is it very trying?"

"No, except that I am in continual fear of falling from my seat—or having to embrace the unfortunate fireman Oh!" she exclaimed, putting her wrist on Glover's arm as the cab lurched

"If I could keep out of the fireman's way I should stand here," he said.

"There is room on the seat here, I think, if you have not wholly deserted me. Oh!"

"I didn't mean to desert you. It is because the snow is packing harder that you are jolted; the cab has really been riding very smoothly."

She moved forward on the box "Are you going to sit down?"

"Thank you."

"Oh, don't thank me. I shall feel ever so much safer if you will" He tried to edge up into the corner behind her, pushing the heavy cushion up to support her back. As he did so she turned impatiently, but he could not catch what she said. "Throw it away," she repeated. He chucked it forward below her feet and was about to sit up where she had made room for him when the engineer put both hands to the throttle and shut off. For the first time since they had started Gertrude saw him look around

"Where's Point of Rocks?" he called to Glover as they slowed and he looked at his watch. "I'm afraid we're by."

"By?" echoed Glover

"It looks so."

The fireman opened his furnace with a bang. The engineer got stiffly down and straightened his legs while he consulted with Glover. Both knew they had been running past small stations without seeing them, but to lose Point of Rocks with its freight-houses, coal-chutes and water tanks'

They talked for a minute, the engineer climbed up to his seat, the reverse lever was thrown over and they started cautiously back on a hunt for the lost station, both straining their eyes for a glimpse of a light or a building. For twenty minutes they ran back without finding a solitary landmark. When they stopped, afraid to retreat farther, Glover got out into the storm, walked back and forth and, chilled to the bone, plunged through the shallow drifts from side to side of the right of way in a vain search for reckoning. Railroad men on the rotary, the second day after, exploded Glover's torpedoes sixteen miles west of Point of Rocks, where he had fastened them to the rails that night to warn the plows asked for when leaving Sleepy Cat

With his clothing frozen he swung up into the cab again; they were lost.

She could see Glover's eyes now. She could see his face Their perilous state she could not understand nor know but she knew and understood what she saw in his face and eyes—the luminous beauty of resource and daring. She saw her lover then, master of the elements, of the night, the storm and the danger, and her heart went out to his strength.

The three men talked together and the fireman asked the question that none dared answer. "What about the plows?"

Would Giddings hold them at Point of Rocks till the Special reported?

Would he send them out to keep the track open regardless of the Special's reaching Point of Rocks?

Had they themselves reached Point of Rocks at all? If past it, had they been seen? Were the plows ahead or behind? And the fireman asked another question: If they were by the Point tank, would the water hold till they got to Medicine Bend? No one could answer

There was but one thing to do; to keep in motion They started slowly. The alternatives were discussed Glover,

(Continued on Page 31)

De Scotchin' of Witch Hagar

How Daddy Billy and Chuff the Coon-Dog Got the Come-uppance of Their Tormentor

By Susan Teackle Moore

DADDY BILLY, a lean, gnarled old darkey with scanty tufts of gray wool about his temples, his trousers held up with a leather strap, stood in his cabin door. Beside him sat another old negro still more ragged and worn Daddy was one of the derelicts of slavery floating about Virginia who had found anchorage again near the plantation where he had been born. His eyes were fixed on the figure of a young girl mounted on a colt who was cantering toward him, waving her whip, her hair flying in the wind. He took a step or two, halted, and then a wide smile lit up his features

"Whar's my stick, Pompey," Daddy Billy quavered. "It's my Miss Jinny Don't jump, chile, I'm a-comin'." But she was already on the ground.

"Now, now, you was too quick for me" The girl laughed. "I'm come for my witch-story. How you feeling to-day, Daddy?

"Po'ly, thank Gord. I ain't much'

"Isn't this the Uncle Pompey I've heard about?" she asked, with a curious look at the other old darkey.

"De same for a fact. Whar's yo' manners, nigguh?

Pompey got up from his lowly seat, pulled his forelock and scraped a foot to the lady and opened his mouth as if to speak. Nothing came, however, and he edged off the porch and sidled down the little path to the gate.

"Hold on a minute, Pomp! Say! De beatest jowl in my smokehouse is in de bilin' pot right now wid a mess o' new turnip greens an' dumplin's. Drap in 'bout dinner-time I gwine set a plate for you."

Pompey gave a chuckle, bobbed his head foolishly, and was gone

Daddy Billy heaved a long breath. "Kind o' pitiful. Ain't it now, Missy?"

"Awful What [illegible]

"No harm in him, chile, jes' crazy, an' dat simple

"Born so, Daddy?

"'Deed an' he warn't born so, Pomp warn't, he's been witch-rid. He's some o' Hagar's debilment. Now here's yo' gran'paw's own cheer what come to me when he died. It's mons'ous comferable Set in it, honey Dis ol' cricket'll do me.

"Who was Hagar, Daddy?"

"Lor', honey, ain't you never hearn 'bout de ol' witch Hagar an' her conductions? I'll light up befo' I begins de tale. My corncob's out

"Well den, Hagar—she b'longed to de Tolivers o' Pongateague; yo' gran'paw knowed 'em well—was de wust nigger in de whole county, and de strifes dat copper-color wixen could stir up in de quarters was somethin' fierce. Even her white folks was so skeered of her witchments nairy one dassent pester her for a stroke o' work. Dey-alls was mighty pacified to give her a free leg so dey git shet of her. Her it was who laid de cuss o' stutterin' on dat gawky towhead Toliver gal—de one what was jimber-jawed. Black an' white 'spicioned who done it do' dey didn't know. An' as for de po' li'l toddlin' infants—de Toliver twinses—dey gittin' nightmares constant

"Hagar was my ol' woman's mammy, you know. She used to come snoopin' 'bout dis cabin after me an' Juno was married. Fust she smashed Juno's lookin'-glass what yo' gran'maw give her for a present; next come dis mis'ry in my j'ints; next she filled our meal-sifter wid grave dirt an' shaked it over our pots, pans an' kittles—a dog-gone mean trick; next she put up a horseshoe topside t'other way over our back-door to rile de witches. But when my Juno's insides got so skewskaw she 'spised vittles an' took to pinin' I was skeered If Hagar hadn't been a witch you see I could ha' scotched her den for sho'

"An' she warn't alone in her debilment. She took a yaller gal in wid her who lived on de next plantation by de name of Lesh Smif. Her an' Hagar was full pardners; what one was t'other was. When dem two warn't layin' spells for folks dey was gallivantin' to witch-rackets. Dems de two what fixed up a conjure on Pompey what's jes' left us; I'll tol' you 'bout it

"One pitchy black night Pomp an' his brer Sandy was in de ma'sh wid pine torches huntin' tarrypins—dey made a livin' at it. Dey had po' luck so fur, 'cause tarrypin is shy from de Backwater. He brung her wid him to keep de ball a-movin'.

"Lor! she got off Sandy an' Hagar got off Pomp in de thick of it, an' down dey come swoopin' an' swirlin' dis way an' dat way, foot-[illegible]-in' rip roarious. Mawkin' birds was whistlin' dance chunes, screech-owls callin' out figur's to [illegible] ladies chain! gentl'mn to de centre!'—bullfrogs beatin' time to de music whilst rattlesnakes played de bones. De bar sight of it paled Pompey to de gashly hue you see—you ain't believe he was black as soot once, now would you? Dar dey was for de whole night long; eyes poppin', legs twistin' an' wobblin'.

"'Whyn't you fool niggahs cut an' run?' I says to Pomp when he tol' me. 'Run!' says he, 'run! You be durned!' We was [illegible]

Daddy Billy looked with half-shut eyes in the direction of the Broadwater. It was low tide, a figure was off-shore in the mud, stooping and peering. "Dar's Pomp now," he said pointing, "he's diggin' clams. Ain't he a sight de way he wobbles? Hagar done dat to him

"Well," he continued, "de ball broke up when de roosters done give warnin'. Witches is always de fust to leave cause dey got to git back in deir skins befo' sun-up. De man-horses was so witch-walloped wid dem raw-hides dat it seemed like trompin' on zigzag lightnin', so Pomp tol' me"

Daddy Billy hugged his knees as he watched the girl's face. It was her pretended belief in the truth of the story that helped him

"De change in dem two sholy was fearsome. Sandy's ol' coon-dog Chuff—de same I tol' you 'bout las' time—wouldn't own him when he see him fust. Bristled up like he was frighted, drapped his tail an' slunk under de horse-trough. 'Bet a fip Hagar's been monkeyin' wid my pup dog,' Sandy [illegible]mpered. 'You Chuff, come here' fetch [illegible]n' he whistled an' shied things at him But Chuff warn't to be wheedled He wrinkled his jaws up an' kep' shutterin' to hisself, a-makin' up his mind. 'In one o' yo' tantrums, is you?' says his marster; 'I'll cure you, sah, lemme git de whip!' But Chuff never winched

"'Long 'bout supper-time Chuff crope out, he did, an' crawled flat on his stomach to Sandy, sot up on his hind legs to ax 'umble pardon, put out his paws an' hoped he ain't miffed wid him. Lor, honey, ef yo' could ha' seen de shine in Sandy's po' foolish face as he h'isted his ol' coon-dog on to his knees, honeyed him, give him leave to swarm all over him an' lick him clean into de bargain if he crave to—I tell you it was techin'.

"But I'm strayin' from Hagar

"Well, I was settin' out here smokin' my corncob when Sis Skinner—you recolmember I tol' you 'bout Sis Skinner las time you come—she stopped at de gate to gimme de direful news. She said moreover how Pomp an' Sandy was stricken so grievous dey was right-down fool crazies. 'Hagar's at de bottom of it,' I says pretty blip. 'If dis ain't Hagar's work I don't know nothin' an' I always will.' Pomp an' Sandy warn't no common run o' niggers, Miss Jinny, dey was reel folks, de pick an' pride of all Pongateague. High uppish in Zion Church; one a class leader, one a exhorter, bofe great shouters.

"Sis Skinner hung on de gate long 'nough dat mornin' I'm tellin' 'bout to 'mind me how me an' her had been misdoubtin' of Hagar ever sence de trimbles seized her; for to see a wench quakin' dat fashion she must ha' met up wid Satan face to face. 'An' here now, treadin' on its heels comes dis second 'ruction,' said Sis Skinner, 'an' wid my device,' she says, 'Zion'll look into dis widout delay.' 'Nough said,' I 'spond. 'I reckon I'll make a sociable call on de presidin' elder an' give him de heft o' my mind Ol' lady Hagar'll jedge she's smashed all her eggs when I'm done wid her,' I says, gulpin' my laugh, for I d'n't forgit what she done to me an' Juno, an' I warn't gwineter. I gits my stick an' coonskin an' steps over to Brer Tollfrees.

"I finds him down by his fire doubled up wid de grunts 'My!' I says, 'what in de world's to pay?' He waggled his head solemn. 'I ain't grumblin',' he says, 'in de face

HE-HANTS AND SHE-HANTS, BATS AND SQUINCH-OWLS

game. Bimeby somethin' rattled close. 'Look out!' Pomp hollers, 'Snakes!' an' Hagar an' Leah, clar outen deir skins, bones a-grinnin', had 'em by de neck. One of 'em put her hot hand, hot as a blister, smack on his head (so Pompey tol' me) an' dat laid de cuss on him. Leah she done de same by Sandy.

"De men see de game was up, for when de witch-hand teches you you're done for. Down dey went on all fours like beasts. Funny, ain't it, what a witchment kin do?

"De hussies scrambled on to der two backs jesso an' wid a couple o' rawhides dey stole, dey-alls lit out. No manners, mind you, no 'scusin' 'cause dey had lef' deir skins home, no nothin'

"De night wind was like razors, but de man-horses—away dey went, gee-whiz! A-leggin' it th'ough de ma'sh an' up de sky an' over de clouds—humpety-bumpety! It was mo' wusser'n de high road to perdition

"De hellabaloo was back o' de Swamp. Dar was swarmin' imps an' bugaboos an' spit-debbils, he-hants an' she-hants, bats an' squinch-owls, witches a-plenty, an' lo-an'-behold, de Yahoo!"

"Oh, I know the Yahoo, Dadd He's that frightful beast of a wild man in the canebrake

"Dat's you, chile. Quarters in de brake when he ain't paterollin' de Broadwater."

"A friend of yours?" observed the girl biting her lip to keep it steady. "You see him now and then, don't you?"

"Oh, once in a coon's age. We ain't intimate. Draps in to pass de time o' day. Well, he was dar; an' a hangin' on his arm was a she-critter he was sweet on what hailed

o' my mercies, but I'm 'bout tuckered out. I sho is in a mux o' trouble, Billy, wid dese lugs o' mine.' 'Here!' I says, 'try dis. Here's a mou'ful o' Mars' Chawles ol' apple jack what I brung you, it might hab de luck to chirk you up a mite. Since when?' I says. 'Since pig-killin',' says he a-takin' a sip of it. 'Lemme look,' I says, squattin'

H'mp,' I says, 'pigs ain't to blame; it's Hagar; it's a witchment complete; Hagar's done sot a spell on you same as me drat her!' Den I lit into de subjec' o' Pomp an' Sandy; how dey was come to grief too, an' how Hagar was misdoubted for doin' of it

Brer Tollfrees sprunted up at once—de good liquor helpin him some. He said he'd wait on de deacons early in de mornin', ef he didn't he'd be slabbered. He said de matter would raise sich another dust in Zion as it hadn't 'sperienced in a month o' Sundays. He said it called for a p'tic'ler meetin' to settle it. He said furdermore dat ef his wuthless life was spared to him he'd be on hand at de p'inted time

It fell on de next Sunday an' de meetin' house was chock full: Deacons in de pulpit wid Brer Tollfrees; Pomp on de mourners' bench, a mask o' cuts an' bruises; Sandy was home nussin' his'n—too sick to move. Grobblin' down in de amen corner was Hagar shiverin' like a leaf in de wind—eyes sot, lips ashy. Me, honey—me? What was I doin'? I was huggin' de do'; I knowed what was comin

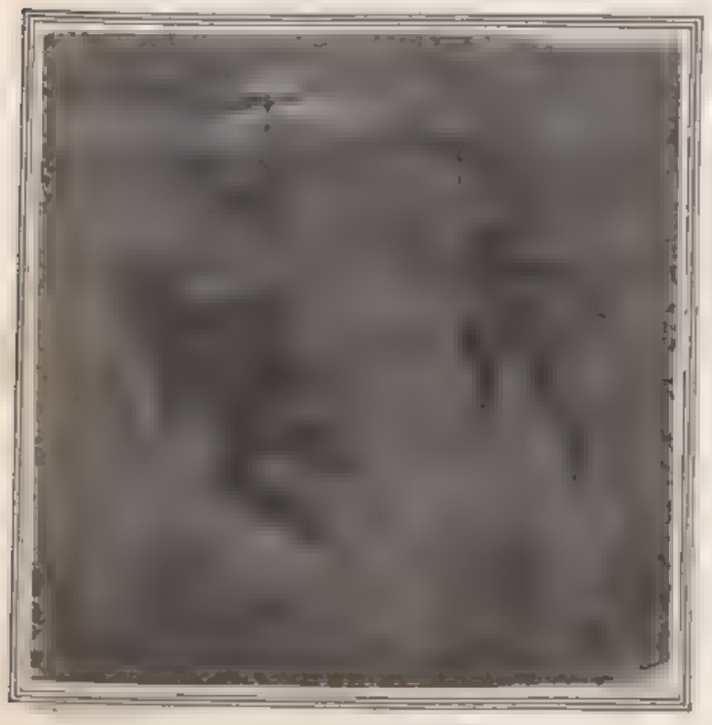
"Fustly was some pious palaver what hadn't head or tail to it—brederin' an' sisterin all talkin' none listenin', till de whole caboodle o' saints an' sinners was balled up wid contentions

P'fessin' members said dey was loath to scan'lize de church—dey jedged Hagar's shakes was jes plain swamp ager. Some 'lowed it was palsy. A few cottoned to de notion it mought be rickets. One fool-smarty was ready to bet his black skin 'twas de fallin' sickness ketched at de hangin'. I myself kep' still to de las' word; den I busted open—

"'Tain't nairy one,' I sung out loud as I could shout, 'it's nan ... You hear me?—JIMBLES! No passon shakes like she's a-shakin' but what de Old Boy gripped her wid his claw. Pomp's right here, ax Pomp who rid him lady-fashion to de witch dance t'other night. Ax him who riz de whelks on his sufferin' body leavin' tracks o' de rawhide in de grass. Who else was it but dat *thingummy* what's hoed up yonder in de amen corner? Mebbe Pomp will favor us, too, wid a hunt o' who 'twas stripped her of her skin 'pon dat festive occasion so she was fo'ced to 'pear at de ball widout it. Ax Pomp,' I say! an' I banged de pew wid my stick. But Pompey never piped a word; kep' his mouf shet tight as one o' dese snappin' turkles when you hauls 'em outen deir holes!'

The girl moved up closer, her eyes brimming over with suppressed laughter

"WITCHES WAS DE FUST TO LEAVE"



"DEY-ALL'S LIT OUT"

"How did it all end, Daddy?" she asked

"In a free fight, chile de fur flew. Some ongordly wenches got so rank dey clumb over benches to snatch off de bonnets o' de pious ones an' tore 'em all to flinders. All pitched in, callin' names an' makin' faces 'ceptin' Brer Tollfrees. He, po' man, was busy exhortin' wid bofe his lungs to flee from wrath an' keep de peace. Den de battle waxed so fierce no soul tooken note o' Hagar, an' when dey come to roul call o' Zion—Hagar warn't dar!" Daddy Bill gave a joyous yelp that set the girl into peals of laughter

"Yes, but wait a minute," she said when she got her breath—"how in the world did such a thing happen to pass *you*?"

The old man sobered instantly. "Debbil only knows, Miss Jinny, for warn't I planted at de door a-purpose to bathe out? I broke out in a cold sweat when I seed how I'd been tricked. I was that troubled. But hold on! I ain't got to dat yit

When I get my wits back I sighted her slidin' like a serpint amongst de graves in de burvin' groun' next de meetin' house, skulkin' in de bresh, dodgin' from tree to tree, wigglin' onder hedges till she come to de cow pasture. Den she glided over de bridge what crosses de salt ma'sh an' skeered into a thicket o' pines back o' de cove

When de brederin' 'skivered how bad dey been fooled dey simmered down an' buckled to track her. Dey scoured de place every which-a-ways, even trampoosin' de back woods. No Hagar! I knowed all de time—dat's how my second sight comes handy—but I warn't a-tellin'."

"Whereabouts was she, Daddy?"

"Hidin' in a patched-up shed in Coony-Holler, Missy. 'Oh, I see you!' I called out to her fleein' shadder, 'an' wid my device you'll stay whar yo' is. Stir yo' mush an' brew de sassafrax while yo're able; yo' time's cuttin' close. You'll git yo' come-uppance, you ol' witch you, befo' de dark o' dis moon or my name ain't Billy

"And did she, Daddy?"

The old man gave her a comical look. "Gimme time, Baby, don't wrastle me

"Well, I couldn't sleep nights for projeckin'; my head was buzzin' like bats in a garret. I used to go out to de woods yonder an' walk up an' down on de pine-needles, studyin' 'bout it

One day a vision o' Sandy's ol' coon dog loomed in my mind. 'Why sho' 'nough,' I says, 'Chuff's my meat. I'll insult Chuff 'bout it. Dat coon-dog's pulled me outen one bad hole in my lifetime, an' I dessay he kin do it agin. He's got gumption

I was gittin' ready to look him up when I sighted Sandy's chip-yard yander luggin' somethin' big in his arms. He come through de gate, up de path to de back po'ch, over de do'-sill an' into de kitchen where I was buildin' up my fire, an' dar he laid it down. 'Hi-yi!' I says, 'whar you git him, boy?' 'I been huntin' 'possums, suh,' he 'spond; 'I cotched two an' I brung you dis nice fat one for yo' supper.' 'Den I hopes to 'suade you to stay an' help me eat it,' I says

Set me to work, skinned an' dressed de possum an' soon it was bilin' on de gridiron. Fire bein' fresh it tooken long to cook de hoecakes by, an' by de time I had sot de table our supper was ready. I put up a chair for him, an' de way he minded his manners an' sot up in dat chair an' eat his vittles—you wouldn't ha' swapped him for quality

Ladurin' o' de meal I tol' him my troubles, him answerin me wid sense 'nough to teach a school. 'You see, Chuff,' I says, 'it's like dis. Dat she-imp's gittin' to be one too many for some of us. See what a mux she made o' Sandy an' Pomp, an' look at Brer Tollfrees' legs. Flesh an' blood can't stand it. Ef de overseer now warn't chicken hearted he'd make her jump over a broomstick an' den he'd tie her up an' strap her. He's skeered o' his life. Chuff, dat's what. He knows her fur a witch an' dassent tamper wid her. I was so bilin' mad I done fizzed over—my temper warn't never a mild one

"'No overseer!' Chuff says,—'*dat* gump? Yo' ain't in 'arnest, M'ster? Now ef I had *my* ch'ice in de matter it's de Yahoo why ain't you willin' for de Yahoo to try a hand at her?'

By jingo!' I bawled, 'de Yahoo, you say? I reckon you've hit it

Jesso,' he says, an' he grin so wide he draps his bone. 'Well, suh,' he says, pickin' it up an' fallin' to agin, when you wants any help in my line I'm yourn. I ain't a-lot to forgit de day when Hagar tried her hand on me—you 'member she scalted me wid b'ilin' water, don't you?'

De confab lasted till a plan war hatched out. I don't mind sayin' right here dat wid de aid o' dat same ol' yaller-bodied lop-eared coon-dog I got my even-up wid Hagar befo' de week was out

"De very next day I was on my way to de cornfield when who should jine me but de Yahoo. He was sa'nterin' 'long a-whistlin', his big hairy arms—claws at de end of 'em—full o' ripe corn. He had pulled 'em up by de roots, stalks an' all.'

"You mean you really did see him, Daddy?"

"True as preachin', chile, I ain't tellin' you no lie; I see him plain as I see you dis minute

'Well, bein' mannerly, he stops to pass de compliments o' de season. 'Howdy!' says he; 'I hain't a han' to offer, but it's glad,' says he, 'I's proud to meet you, suh,' I says, my two knees a-knockin'. 'I's carryin' dese here home for my dinner,' he 'splain to me wid a bow. 'I tooken a kind o' fancy to 'em, passin'.' 'An' welcome, suh,' I 'spond. 'Help yo'self, suh. Mars Chawl s ain't grutch a ear o' so o' his corn to nobody livin',' I says, my teeth fa'rly chatterin'. 'Kin you spare me,' I says, 'a minute o' yo' time an' set down wid me in de cool shadow o' dis chinquapin? I gwine to beg a favor'

He eased his arms o' de corn an' fixed hisself comferable. 'Gin it a name,' says he—'out wid it.

Den I said I hearn tell he was figurin' for a likely gal to cook for him. I said I knowed one to suit him. I said she warn't so young as she was a time back but she was a strappin' wench—smart as tacks an' for pot-an'-kittle work a reg'lar hummer

"I WATCHED THEM FOR HOURS THROUGH THE TREES"

Concluded on Page

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Politeness is next to godliness.

¶ It is tedious work listening to scandal about people whom you don't know.

¶ You cannot fire a forty-four calibre cartridge in a twenty-two calibre gun.

¶ Riches may not bring happiness but they enable one to send a carriage for it.

¶ One reason the ostrich has such a good stomach is that it escapes the diet of the American boy.

¶ When a man finds that photographers are willing to take his likeness for nothing—he has arrived.

¶ Never borrow trouble. It is not necessary. Simply allow your neighbors to use your telephone.

¶ It might rain on the just and the unjust alike if the unjust would only return the umbrellas that belong to the just.

If Lipton Should Win

NOBODY wants to see Sir Thomas lift the Cup—nobody on this side, at least; but it is a personal tribute which should be pleasing to him that, jealously as we guard the cup, we would rather lose it at his hands than at any others. The old veteran Hank Haff prophesies a closer, more exciting contest than any we have had yet. Both boats have shown power and sweetness in all weathers; both have won handsomely from their trial competitors; there has been the usual number of dramatic accidents, and yet public interest has, until recently, visibly lagged.

Nevertheless the usual processes of preparation have been going steadily forward. Sir Thomas himself, with his accustomed cheery optimism, lets it be known that he is more confident than ever. Good luck to him! If he doesn't lift the cup, at least he can carry back with him the memory of one lift. When Sir Thomas went South to take luncheon at Washington with the President, he carried, as is the Englishman's way, a formidable tonnage of hand luggage. It took all the porters in the station, or at least all on that particular platform, to disembarrass him. The young woman who was next to step off the chair-car after him noticed it with less amazement than dismay and vexation. Here was an able-bodied man monopolizing all the porters especially provided by the railway management for overburdened young women. Clearly this unthinking, stalwart stranger should be made to feel the weight of his transgressions. He was—mildly but firmly, as only an American girl could do it; and in atonement he carried that young woman's luggage the length of the long train-shed, and thanked her for the privilege. When she bought a morning paper she recognized her porter's face.

But if he should win. . . . Nobody dares say it out loud, but some are bold enough to believe in secret, that it would be a good thing for the sport! They remember the disabilities under which every challenger labors. He must name his boat in advance. He must stand her expense individually. He must bring her across the ocean under her own sail to meet a defender built by a syndicate, and picked at the last moment, after a thorough trying-out.

Perhaps? We wonder how Mr. Morgan, of the Shipping Trust and the New York Yacht Club, maintains his undivided entity! With the cup at Cowes, shares of International Mercantile Marine would sell at two hundred per cent. premium. Bookings for the next season would be exhausted before the cup got there. Everything afloat, from wash-boilers to coal-barges, would be chartered by the invading host. The three wise men of Deal would put to sea in their tub again. New York would be deserted. Grass would grow between the cobblestones of Broadway. The Bank of England would fly the Stars and Stripes. "Tody" Hamilton would have St. James' Park staked with the tents of the Greatest Show on Earth, selling camp cots to the Peerage at five dollars a night. The Prince of Wales would have to sleep out on his mattress, under the ancestral shelter of Stonehenge. The British Navy, searchlights going, would be cruising round the Island, busy picking up careless Western somnambulists who had made a misstep and fallen off. The Prime Minister would spike down the crown. All the restaurants would be raided, all the cellars gutted, all the King's cigars smoked and all the Queen's tarts gulped by pie-eating Yankees, and when we had said the last good-by we should all be better friends than ever.

The Electric Age

IT IS a matter of common observation that the horse, the cable and the dummy steam-engine have disappeared from our street-railroad systems, to be succeeded by the omnipresent trolley. But the report on these roads just issued by the Census Office gives us a number of illuminating details that help us to realize what this transformation means.

It is the trolley, of course, that has made it possible for the street-railroad to leap across town boundaries, give life to country roads, and bind city to city. There is said to be a horse-car line in the Argentine Republic so long that it runs, or perhaps walks, sleeping-cars, but in this country such a road would not be extensively patronized. If we are going any distance we want something that will carry us at least as fast as steam, and in the trolley-car we have it.

On the Albany and Hudson line it is possible to travel at sixty miles an hour. There are two electric lines in Indiana that work up to fifty-five miles an hour each, and two more that make forty. Ohio has ten electric roads whose cars reach or exceed forty miles an hour; two of them make fifty and two fifty-five. Michigan has one trolley-line on the forty-mile speed limit, two at forty-five and two at fifty. There is a fifty-mile-an-hour line in Iowa, another in New York, and another in Texas. Speeds of from thirty to forty miles are too common to mention.

A by-product of the electric-railroad system is the trolley park, unknown a dozen years ago, and now an important part of the national apparatus for recreation. There are no less than 352 parks maintained by the trolley roads of the United States for the sake of the nickels earned in carrying people to enjoy them. There is one even in Arizona, and one in Porto Rico. Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Rhode Island and South Dakota are the only States that have trolley roads and no trolley parks. Pennsylvania has forty-six and Massachusetts thirty-one, of which five are maintained by a single company.

The electric roads of the United States carried last year three times the population of the earth. They ran their cars eleven times the distance from the earth to the sun. They killed 1218 persons and wounded 47,420, which makes the war with Spain look like the Fourth of July at the Waldorf-Astoria. Their capital was more than twice as great as the bonded national debt of the United States, and their gross earnings for the year were nearly a quarter of a billion dollars. They employed more than twice the number of men in the United States Army, including the force in the Philippines. They paid over thirteen million dollars in taxes—a little consolation prize to the public for the franchises they got for nothing.

The Editor of Editors

"BUT I fear your sensational newspapers will inflame the public sentiment until they bring on a war between your country and mine," said a distinguished Russian to an American recently

He there expressed a widespread misconception that has latterly found lodgment in not a few newspaper proprietors, editors and writers. Happily for peace and progress no such dreadful and dangerous power is in the hands of the agents of publicity. The same force, education, which has so widely diffused the ability and the desire to read is also diffusing with satisfactory speed the ability and the desire to read intelligently. And the newspaper proprietor who persistently does violence to the common-sense of his readers either loses them or, if he happens to be able to amuse them by his cleverness and enterprise, retains them without being able to influence any except those who would be the prey of plausible demagogues under any circumstances.

As a servant of truth the press is powerful. But as a dictator of public opinion it has no power in America worthy of consideration. As a revealer and reflector of public sentiment it is a mighty force. As a creator of public sentiment by any other means than the mere frank, fearless setting forth of the facts, it is feebleness personified. The sense of responsibility that might well sag the shoulders of an editor is not dread lest he should mislead his readers, but dread lest he should himself be misled as to the facts of current history or as to the shrewd common-sense of his readers and should find himself unread

Others can afford to indulge in pleasing or painful delusions about the power of the press. But, for their own welfare, editors should never let their minds wander from the contemplation of the power of their master, Truth

The Twentieth Century Pharisees

THERE has always been a plenty of Phariseeism of the personal kind, but the telegraph and the newspaper have produced a new variety which is, if possible, more absurd and more offensive. We now have the almost daily spectacle of one section of the country throwing up its hands in pious horror over the doings of another section, of one nation mounting the judgment-seat and severely condemning another. And each Pharisee in turn divides his time between denunciations of the other Pharisee's misdoings and explanations why his own misdoings are not bad in the same bad way really not bad at all.

There are two grand maxims of private life which apply to public life also:

Mind your own business.

Set a good example.

It is difficult enough to judge of what one can see over his back fence in his neighbor's yard. When it comes to judging what one has not seen, has not even heard at first hand from witnesses personally known to him, what are the prospects for fairness, what the prospects for real helpfulness?

The Fountain of Eternal Youth

LIKE pretty much everything else, this matter of having children has two sides to it. As a great many children are failures and as children are the joint product of heredity and environment, both elements preponderantly under parental control, it would seem more sensible to say that there were too many people undertaking parental responsibility instead of too few. And further, parenthood has many cares and sorrows and exasperations. Still, when all is said, how many persons who found themselves childless at forty-five have been able honestly to congratulate themselves?

Children have a use as an assurance against destitution and loneliness in old age. They are satisfactory to the vanity for family immortality. But more than these and all other advantages is the advantage of prolonging one's life. Growing children will keep any proper man or woman young in spirit and in mind, will retard the development of that sour yet complacent cynicism which curses old age both for one's self and for those about one.

The man or the woman—again, the right sort of man or woman—who has children drinks every day a deep draught at the fountain of eternal youth.

What Americans Should Study

IT IS well to be able to read and speak one or more foreign languages. But in the agitation for bringing about this laudable "culture" is it not being overlooked that a knowledge of one's native tongue is also well, is indeed more important than knowledge even of French?

Not all of us will have French valets or maids Not all of us will need to read German philosophy and history and science that can't be got in translation. Not all of us will sell goods to Spanish-speaking peoples who have no money to buy goods with and no need for goods. But all of us will have to read, write and speak the English language. And how many of us will ever be able more than to read, write and speak *at* it?

There never was such a language as the English especially since we Americans have got at it with explorative and inventive minds. To know how to pronounce its wonderful words, to understand exactly what they mean, to have a large and well-selected stock of them in our vocabulary—there is a liberal, all round education, one that no man or woman could have without being justly noted everywhere as a person of superior intelligence.

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GINSENG FARMING

Little Gardens That Pay Big Dividends

UNDER scientific cultivation some unique discoveries have been made in regard to ginseng. In the wild state, as is well known, ginseng roots, struggling in hard soil or against rocks and other impediments, assume curious shapes, many of them closely resembling the human form. In fact the Chinese word *jenshen*, means man-wort, and it has been supposed by many people, even including some of the ginseng gatherers and dealers in America, that the Chinese demand for the root was based on the fancy that the development of the roots in the similitude of man was nature's indication that they are intended to minister to ailing humanity

Recent discovery that the plant under cultivation frequently produces straight roots bearing no likeness to the human body, and that these samples of ginseng, being richer in quality than the native kind are bringing higher prices in China, have awakened a new inquiry into the secret of the Chinese people's eagerness to possess the plant

"It is quite probable," said a scientist in Washington, "that we shall discover in ginseng some remarkable element which has hitherto been unknown to occidental science It does not seem reasonable that the Chinese and Japanese, who are shrewd men, and in many ways deeply learned in the mysteries of nature, would for unnumbered centuries continue to use as one of their most highly prized therapeutic and prophylactic agents a plant totally without medicinal virtue. From the humblest citizen up through all the grades of society, including men of the profoundest eastern scholarship, high officials and emperors, the inhabitants of China for ages have had unlimited faith in the power of ginseng to prevent and cure many of the ills of the body."

Thus far, scientific inquiry into the secret of ginseng has been a baffling study in chemistry. European chemists a few years ago attempted to discover what it was in the plant that had made it for ages so highly prized by Asiatic nations. These scientists reported that their reactions failed to show that ginseng had the slightest medicinal value More recently official chemists in America examined ginseng roots and found that they contain about 5 per cent. of nitrogen, .80 per cent. of lime, .50 per cent of phosphoric acid, .70 per cent. of potash, the remainder being nothing but water. These chemists, therefore, confessed their inability to understand why the Chinese should place such value upon it, eagerly buying it at ten dollars the pound, and giving for some of its distillations far more than their weight in gold

As a result of these scientific decisions against ginseng as a medicine, new support was given the theory that the popularity of the roots in China was due to the superstition that their resemblance to the human form was the secret of their supposed power to cure Moreover, in the legends and folklore of the Celestial Empire strange reference in regard to ginseng was found. It was learned that many credulous Chinese cited the case of a man living at Shangtang during the reign of Wen Ti, Emperor of the Siu dynasty, who used to hear a voice at night calling to him from the field. For years, according to the legend, these mysterious salutations were repeated, but no explanation of their origin could be found until one day there was dug up, six hundred feet from the man's home, a huge ginseng plant that closely resembled a human being. After that the voice ceased, and all who drank of a tea brewed from the roots of that ginseng plant lived without pain to a patriarchal age. In further explanation of the ready Chinese market for ginseng, proof might be had, it was said, that in the contemporaneous thought of China is the conviction that nothing save starvation can overcome a man stimulated with ginseng essence. It was even claimed that the more these roots assumed human-like forms, the better price they commanded

But all ingenious explanations of the value of ginseng in China are now in need of revision, for, as stated, the discovery has been made this year that cultivated roots, many of them bearing no resemblance to human forms, are selling at a higher rate in China than has ever before been obtained for the wild roots In the presence of this curious fact, American scientists have brought to light the circumstance that among the chemists who examined ginseng there was one who discovered in the root an entirely new substance, the nature and value of which he was unable to determine. The name *panaquilon* was proposed for this element

At present, in medical dictionaries in the United States, ginseng is defined as "little more than a demulcent." Now that recent experiments show that the Chinese are buying the roots irrespective of their shapes, more serious inquiry is to be made into possible medicinal qualities which have escaped previous analyses

Notwithstanding have been the promises of profit in ginseng farming that the subject has been taken up by official agriculturists in various parts of the United States. Many of the discoveries made will be very valuable to farmers who contemplate embarking in the ginseng industry

As a result of the tests it is officially announced that, if all preparatory conditions be faithfully complied with, the gross returns from an acre of ginseng after five years of growth may exceed $24,000. Deducting $9000—which includes the original payment made for the plants, the amount expended on materials for constructing artificial shade and the cost of labor in planting, cultivating and harvesting—the net profit in five years from one acre is placed at over $15,000, or $3000 per annum. On this basis a farm of the regulation size, 160 acres, would, if planted to ginseng, yield a net annual income of $480,000 provided the market price of the roots should remain as at present. It is pointed out that though extensive cultivation would reduce the value of ginseng, the demand for it in China is constantly increasing Nearly $30,000,000 worth of the plant has been exported thus far from the United States and the native supply is being rapidly exhausted Moreover, the plant in China has been virtually exterminated, and the few districts in which it is still found have been set apart as the Emperor's private reserves

The inducements, therefore, to embark in ginseng cultivation, the best roots of which now readily bring from six to eight dollars the pound in America, are very great. Emphasis should be laid on the importance of first gaining a thorough knowledge of the plant's needs, for some of its habits of growth are anomalous.

In the first place, the strange and important fact has been demonstrated that ginseng seed although fully, normally matured, will not germinate until eighteen months have elapsed from the time of harvest, and that it will not germinate at all, even after eighteen months, if it is allowed at any time to become dry During all this period it must be preserved by stratification with woods soil, moist and finely sifted. Moreover, the soil selected for planting must be perfectly adapted to the plant, a proper amount of shade must be provided, and other essential preliminaries looked into with painstaking care. It has been discovered through official channels that some individual experimenters throughout the country have failed to realize the prodigious sums possible in ginseng cultivation simply because they were not equipped with proper knowledge of the plant's peculiarities. Scientific tests at experimental stations in several States have been so satisfactory that the officials have no hesitancy in saying that, under proper care, the returns from ginseng farming may equal if not exceed the most that has been said for it

Experiments showed that in cultivated plants there was a loss of only 14 per cent., while the loss in the ginseng roots transplanted was 48 per cent

The roots were planted eight inches apart each way. With a gardener's dibble, holes were made in the ground to enable the tuberous roots to expand. This was an important factor in multiplying the yield of the crop

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THE SONG OF THE SIREN

By Stanley Waterloo

"ARE YOU SURE?" SAID THE MAYOR; "ARE YOU VERY SURE?"

HALF a mile off shore, an adjunct of the lighthouse, was the siren, friend of mariners and enemy of all the rest of mankind. When the fog came upon the face of the waters and steamers and sailing vessels, creeping fearfully about in all directions, were in danger of collision, with resultant horrors, and shrieked out their apprehension in strident whistlings, the siren responded through the opaque waste with a warning howl, telling each seaman where he was and where was safety and where was death. It was a howl of the pitch and key best adapted for reaching a great distance, and it served its purpose well, yet it was as direful as a sound from the tomb or the wail of a lost soul with a bass voice. But little cared the fog-fretted captains or their crews or passengers for the lugubriousness of the siren's call. So long as the notes of the misnamed fog-horn indicated the path to safety they cared nothing for the quality of the sound.

In the great city which stood beside the shore, the case was different. People recognized the fact that the great water highways must be made safe and that mariners must be protected, but the burden of the siren was hard to bear. Little attention had been paid to its sound at first, but the constant iteration had told upon mind and body as tells the constant falling of a single drop of water upon the head as in a Chinese mode of torture. People were seriously affected. In the foggy season strong men became fretful and impatient, and weak women were compelled to seek the country. The whole city was threatened with an attack of nervous prostration. All night long and, sometimes, late into the forenoon, the fog would hang stubbornly above the harbor, and all night long and far into the daylight the siren would groan and groan while the people raved. Sanitariums did a thriving business. Some sort of climax was approaching when Hannibal Perkins appeared upon the scene.

Hannibal Perkins was a young man about twenty-one years of age. He was born "down East" as he explained, and was tall and gaunt, with pleasant blue eyes and a soft voice. He was ambitious and possessed of an inventive genius which he wished to cultivate. He had graduated from the city high school and desired now to spend two or three years in a famous scientific school, but could not gratify his wish because of relative poverty. He helped his father in the work of a small truck farm just outside of the city, but there was small yearly surplus to aid in the realization of Hannibal's hopes and plans. There was stuff in the youth, though. Regretful but not dismayed, Hannibal worked doggedly, ever planning as to how he might honestly raise the needed money. The little farm lay close beside the shore, and at night the youth's thoughts were frequently disturbed, for the Perkins family got the full benefit of the siren's groans.

Not only was Hannibal Perkins an inventor, but he had a musical gift as well. He played the violin with skill and feeling, and had studied with an excellent teacher, a friend of the family who had become interested in Hannibal and given him lessons gratis. He possessed an exquisite ear, and it is doubtful if in all the city there was a person who suffered more from the siren's dismal cry than did this robust young man. Night after night, he would toss about in his bed and could scarcely endure it. "Is there no way of stopping it?" he thought; "cannot the same end be attained in some less melancholy and devastating way?" Unable to sleep regularly, he at last, in desperation, set his wits to work.

Reading a scientific magazine one day, a single sentence impressed itself upon Hannibal Perkins's memory: "It is a well-known fact that a musical sound can be heard distinctly at a greater distance than an unmusical one." Hannibal pondered much.

One night, either because his nerves chanced to be a little more nearly on edge than usual or because the siren chanced to be in good working order, the sounds which came from the outer harbor seemed to Hannibal more than ordinarily loud and mournful and appalling. He raged helplessly. "What need of so much noise and such a noise?" he fumed; but, sobering down in temper with reflection, he tried to content himself with muttering resignedly: "I suppose it's necessary that the thing should be heard as far away as possible"—and then he suddenly checked his muttering. The sentence in the scientific periodical had recurred to him: "It is a well-known fact that a musical sound can be heard distinctly at a greater distance than an unmusical one." He rose from his bed and sat silent, with wrinkled brow. Gradually the wrinkles disappeared and a light came into the young man's eyes. He sprang to his feet, giving vent as he did so to the single, all unstudied expression: "B'gosh!" He had learned it when a boy "down East," while working in the fields with the hired man.

For the next two weeks Hannibal Perkins did little labor on the farm. His time was spent from daylight to dark in a small lean-to which served the double purpose of woodshed and workshop. Then, for another week, he was in town studying the mechanism of the great church organs—instruments with which he was already tolerably familiar—and consulting with organ-builders and other craftsmen. The fourth week was spent in the little shop again.

It was at the beginning of one of the foggiest months in the year that Hannibal Perkins, hat in hand, somewhat abashed, but resolute, entered the office of the mayor of the city. He looked curiously upon the man seated at the desk. He saw a person of apparently strong physique, but thin and pale and with glittering eyes, the eyes of a victim of insomnia. The mayor wheeled about in his chair.

"What do you want?" he said peevishly.

It was not a pleasant reception but, as a matter of fact, the man, ordinarily affable, was nervous and consequently irritable. Hannibal resolved not to appear abashed.

"It's about the siren," he said.

"What!" The mayor was all interest now. "What about the siren?"

"I want to suggest a means for getting rid of the awful sounds which come over the water every night—to get rid of them so that the people of this city can sleep again."

The mayor stared at his visitor for a moment or two and then spoke solemnly:

"Young man, if you can do what you propose you are not unlikely to take my place in this seat, some day. You will be the most popular man in the city. Look at me! I weighed two hundred and ten pounds when the siren was first placed in the harbor. Now I weigh a scant one hundred and fifty-six. There are thousands of others who have suffered in the same way—insomnia, shattered nerves and all that sort of thing—and the situation is growing worse instead of better. Only the stolid and dull are unaffected. Talk about American restlessness and excitability! Why, what has been in the past will be calm philosophy compared with what will come in the future when sirens are established in every harbor of the country. Of course, young man, I know that you're only a dreamer, a would-be inventor—you have the big full eyes of an inventor—but I don't feel like being impatient with any one whose efforts are bent in a direction so laudable as are yours. Tell me what your particular dream is." And the mayor leaned back wearily.

"But I'm not a dreamer!" exclaimed Hannibal insistently. "I know what I have been doing and what I'm talking about. I tell you I can get rid of the ghastly noise made by the siren and yet have the vessels warned in a fog as well as they are now. Yes, I'll warn them at even a greater distance."

The mayor's face had taken on a look of patient endurance. "Go ahead," he said, "and show me how the wheels work in your head. I hope it will not take long."

Hannibal paid no attention to the sarcasm. He was too full of his subject. "I tell you, Mr. Mayor, that I've solved the problem. I've spent weeks and weeks upon it and at last I've got it. I can make it as clear as day to you. First, I want you to hear this from one of the leading scientific magazines;" and he drew forth a clipping and read:

"It is a well known fact that a musical sound can be heard distinctly at a greater distance than an unmusical one."

"There," continued Hannibal triumphantly, as he restored the clipping to his pocket; "you see the point; you can hear a musical sound at a greater distance than you can hear an unmusical one. The dismal wails of the siren are not musical, but why not make them so? There's a way and I have found it."

The mayor was sitting erect in his chair, now. He was becoming interested. "Go on," he said.

"Well," replied Hannibal, "there's not much more to say at present. I've given you the general idea. The principle is sound and I know how to put the design into execution."

"Are you sure?" said the mayor; "are you very sure?"

"I am," responded Hannibal.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want the privilege of putting new works inside the siren, that's all."

"But the siren is under control of the United States Government. How can we get permission for the experiment?"

"Oh," said Hannibal cheerfully; "I've thought all that out. The Government usually pays attention to the advice of business men of any locality where it has established something in their interest. The shipping men here are the ones who have influence in the case. Get the shipping men to indorse it and the Government will consent to the experiment."

The mayor had been getting more and more interested as all the bearings of the case became clear to him. The thing seemed practicable, and what would not follow should it really prove a success?

"I'll help you," he declared; "I'll call a meeting of the shipping men for to-morrow night. You'll have to be there to explain the thing as you have to me—more fully, though. Does that suit you?"

Hannibal departed walking on air. Could he convince the shipping men? He had not the slightest doubt of it.

He neither ate nor slept much from the time he left the mayor's office until after the fateful meeting. On the evening of the decisive day he entered the hall where the vessel men were assembled, the mayor with them.

The mayor took the chair, called the meeting to order, explained briefly the proposition which had been made to him, and said that he had thought it best to refer the inventor to those most vitally interested in the matter. The inventor was present and would make his own explanation.

Hannibal took the platform tremblingly. He had never addressed an audience in his life, and his knees shook and there was a lump in his throat. At first, he could not articulate, but when a bluff, red-faced old mariner, taking pity on him, called out:

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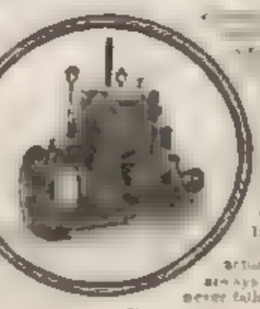

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"Don't be scared, young man; take your time," he recovered himself and began stammeringly. Gradually the words came more freely. He believed in his scheme, and that gave him strength. He warmed to his subject and almost forgot where he was. He became eloquent, in an inventor's way. He described the present horrors of the siren, the condition of the people, and the prejudice that was growing up in consequence against anything marine, a prejudice which might in time seriously affect the shipping interests. Then he told how much farther a musical sound could travel than could an unmusical one. Then he outlined vaguely the value and nature of his invention, which would substitute one sound for the other, and make of the siren a blessing on land as well as on the water. He carried his audience with him and, when he closed his address, flushed and earnest, his hand was grasped heartily by a large proportion of those present. There was a brief debate, but it was nearly all one way, and it was decided, that the Presidents of the Vessel Owners' Association and the Tug Owners' Association should form a committee of two, to proceed at once to Washington and there secure from the proper department permission for the trying of Hannibal's experiment. Furthermore, there was contributed on the spot a sum sufficient, in Hannibal's estimation, for the execution of his plan. Within two weeks the committee had made its trip and returned with the Government's consent to the undertaking. Hannibal went to work.

It was no simple task that now faced the young man, albeit the greatest obstacle was removed. Sanguine, as most inventors are, supplied with funds sufficient for his purpose, unlimited as to time, he yet realized a certain gravity in the situation. He rented a wing of an old warehouse, hired capable mechanics, and plunged feverishly into his labor.

What is known as the orchestrion is a gigantic musical machine popular in summer gardens, restaurants and various similar places of public resort. Perforated sheets of metal are slipped into the machine, one after another, and different tunes are played according to the perforations in the metal. The basis of Hannibal Perkins' idea was the orchestrion, with the addition of certain adjuncts of the fog horn, to secure a volume of sound equal to that which nightly woke the echoes and everything else. Of course he could not himself manufacture perforated plates of the size he required, but a special order to a great firm in the business solved this part of the problem, and a huge set of circular plates, twenty-five feet in diameter, were soon delivered at his shop. The machine itself was all the work of Hannibal and his two assistants. The day came when the thing was done and the monster orchestrion, or whatever it might be called, was loaded on a barge and towed to the lighthouse wherein was the siren that was about to be deposed. To make the proper attachments for the orchestrion—which did not get its power from winding up, but by a steam arrangement—was a work of time, for just here was the most difficult part of the undertaking and where the inventive genius of Hannibal Perkins shone out most brilliantly. It was a new departure, but it was all right in principle, as Hannibal had maintained, and the day came when he announced that, when the fog fell that night, a new siren, one with a voice such as was never heard before on sea or shore, would call across the waters to belated vesselmen.

Night came and the fog came with it. Dimmer and dimmer grew the flashes from the lighthouse lantern until, at last, they could no longer be distinguished from the shore, and then, to the people of the great city, came a sensation.

"Johnny, get your hair cut, hair cut, hair cut,
Johnny, get your hair cut, hair cut short!"

Loud and clear from away out in the harbor came the notes of the rollicking tune once so generally popular. The atmosphere was fairly saturated with it. Never had even the howl of the detested siren so thoroughly permeated every outdoor nook and cranny of the town. The moving multitudes on the brilliantly lighted streets paused and listened and, as they stood there, lost and curious, the same sweet but tremendous voice informed them affably:

"There'll be a hot time
In the old town to-night."

Evidently this spirit of the waters was of a lively, not to say hilarious, disposition—at least that was the first impression given—but, as the hours passed, the music changed in character, and it finally dawned upon the populace that there was method in the madness of the siren—for the news had flown rapidly of what the wonder was. Gentler airs succeeded until the hour when young men, calling, should go home, and then, apparently impersonating all the young women of the city, the siren spoke softly

"Bid me good by, and go!"

And, later, as the time came when erring heads of families might be lingering out too late for their own good, the mentor started

"Oh, Willie, we have missed you!"

And a little later, after apparent consideration, it wailed out despairingly

"Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now!"

It was charming! Still later, came soothing familiar airs in a minor key, such as were sleep encouraging, and there was no variation from this until six A. M., when there was an outbreak

"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I
can't get 'em up this morning!
The sergeant is worse than the privat
The captain's worse than the sergeant
The major's worse than the captain,
The colonel's the worst of 'em all!
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't
get 'em up to day.'

Ringing out over all the city was the reveille, but, as if in drowsy answer came a little later, almost like an echo, the lazy, listless

"Let me dream again."

Evidently it was not what was approved of, for, sharply and indignantly there followed the peremptory demand to:

"Take your clothes and go."

And so, until the fog lifted, continued the interesting program of the siren. The people were delighted. No more was the name of "siren" a misnomer. The newspapers were full of praise of Hannibal Perkins, the inventor, and a dream, for once, was realized. Improvements were made by the elated genius. People in the city soon perceived that certain airs were played only at certain hours, so that one could tell what time of night it was while lying comfortably in bed. The invention was recognized as a boon to the community. The Board of Trade voted a neat lump sum to Hannibal Perkins, he was elected member of numerous scientific and musical societies.

Now comes reference to the action of a law of Nature which has always been accounted curious; that law which is in direct contradiction of the old and popular saying that one cannot have too much of a good thing. The months passed, months of triumph and elation for Hannibal Perkins, and, at first, of enjoyment for those on land. Then, in the city, came a gradual change, though Hannibal, in the lighthouse, was not aware of it. There arose an anti-siren party, and a clamorous one. It was the old story—they were "tired of the same old tunes." It was due to that quality in the human ear and human nerves which enables them to endure the continual passing of a railroad train, but not the too frequent repetition of a musical air. There came two dread November weeks of almost continued fog, day and night, and, as the siren gave four tunes an hour, for variety's sake, it necessarily played ninety-six tunes a day, and there weren't enough popular airs in existence to keep this up without constant duplication, or worse. A new form of nervousness was seizing upon the multitude.

On the other hand the siren had a powerful supporting force in the officers and crews of every vessel entering the harbor. Most delightful was it to those gallant seamen, when the fog lay dense and sinister, to hear at a greater distance from land than ever before the sounds which guided them to safety, and, at the same time, to recognize and be cheered by notes of some familiar air. They heard the siren only occasionally and to them there was no monotony. The whole shipping interest arose figuratively in arms against those who objected to the new order of things.

And so the case stands now. The Government is considering the matter. Doubtless the Perkins siren will, in the end, be adopted—with modifications and restrictions. Hannibal Perkins is pondering over the question of why people get so maddeningly tired of pieces of music, from some favorite of the operas down to the latest bit of "rag-time." They do not get so tired of bread or beefsteak. Is the palate wiser than the ear? Even Hannibal Perkins cannot answer that question. Human nature is odd.

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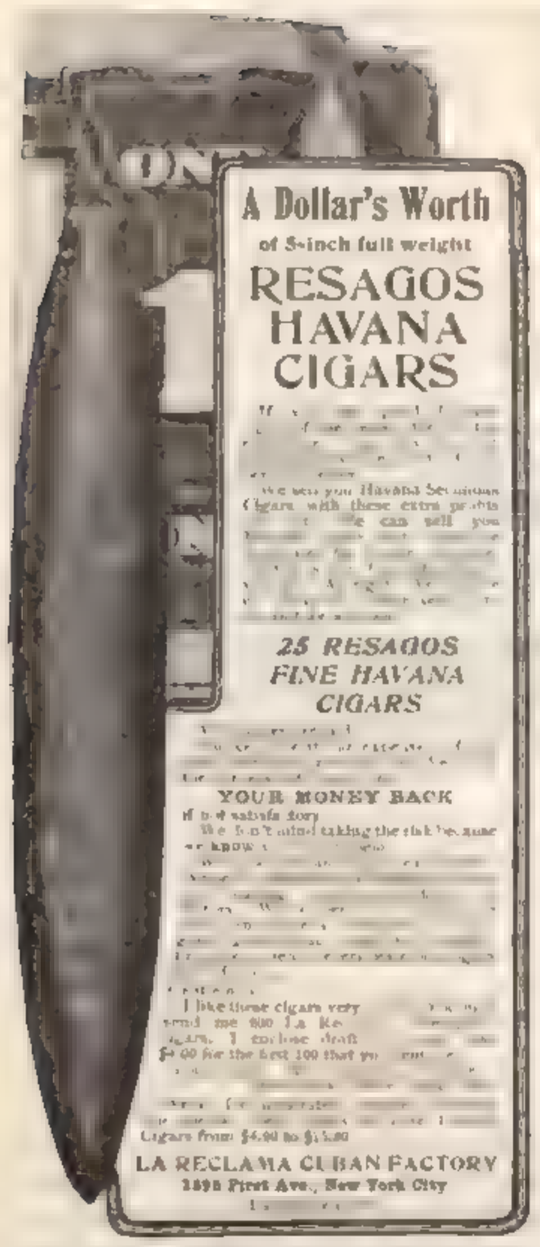

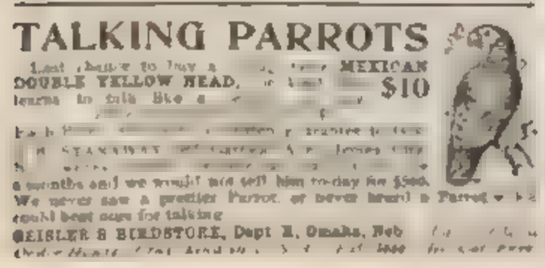

De Scotchin' of Witch Hagar

(Concluded from Page 13.

"Wid dat he pearted an' axed a mort o' questions bearin' on her, but I ain't spo- - - - n was good fur him to know. I said her temper was onras less an' fitty, once in jes' so often, but I ain't misdoubt she'd ca'm down an' behave herself proper when he tol' her I said she happened to be away from home right now but I'd find her and let him know. I said she was some sny o' strangers an' seein' how his quarters was onsartain he better come for her an' keel o' way. We - - -

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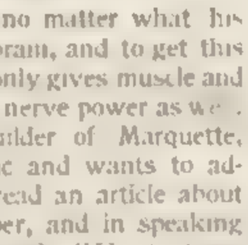

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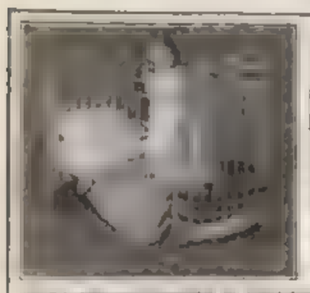

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The Franklin Mills Company, Lockport, N. Y.

GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Support without restraint [illegible]

If not at your dealer's send 50 cents for sample pair

GUYOTHEIMER BROS., 631 Broadway, New York City

Fortunes and Freaks in Advertising

Continued from Page 7

exhibition is now located, in Belgium. Examine it, talk with King Leopold, who has taken it under his special patronage and who is one of our daily visitors, and then either take my view of it and present its merits to the French people or else leave it alone, just as you see fit. But do not take the course of ignoring it until you have investigated."

This struck M. Marioni as a fair proposition. He himself would be unable to go. But he would send the most trustworthy man on the journal as his representative.

"Of course he will go as my guest," insisted Mr. Hamilton, and again M. Marioni assented. A date was set for the trip forty-eight hours ahead, and the two parted. Within the next few hours Mr. Hamilton, accompanied by an interpreter, visited every other editor in Paris. Dailies, weeklies, monthlies, illustrated papers and all, were invited to send representatives on the same terms as the Petit Journal, and with M. Marioni's agreement behind him, M. Hamilton had easy sailing. None of the polite editors would be outdone in courtesy.

This much settled, M. Hamilton proceeded to charter the private car used by President Loubet and by the Czar of Russia on the occasion of that potentate's last visit to France. He engaged the services of the most famous chef in the Republic, and then hitched on all the "*wagons lit*" that were necessary to provide the representatives of the press with a fine private sleeping-berth. Now, a "*wagon lit*" in France is a luxury to be dreamed of only by rulers of great countries and American millionaires. A sleeping-berth in these cars, such as may be had in America for two dollars a night, costs about eighteen in France, and hence the French citizen, who doesn't believe in throwing away money, carefully avoids them. The emotions of the gentlemen of the Parisian press may be imagined, therefore, when they were received at the depot aboard the private car of the President and the Czar, and had pointed out to them the sleeping compartments that were to be theirs in the "*wagons lit*." Surely this must be a Government affair. No mere private show or Institution could venture on such an expedition. And then when the chef and his assistants began their work! The Greatest Show on Earth jumped to a plane of equality then and there with the National Exposition. The dining-car was fairly ballasted with the finest vintages of France, and with each glass the enthusiasm for this wonderful National American Enterprise grew, until by the time Courtrai was reached the gentlemen of the press could not have been disappointed in their expectations even if the management of the circus had tried. When to this royal train and this royal entertainment were added a five-ring circus, with about two dozen acts going on at once, an army of attendants, whole troupes of acrobats, herds of horses, a whole Zoological exhibition, and no end of gilded cages and chariots, the triumph was complete. No one knows exactly what the individual press gentlemen reported to their chiefs after their return from this marvelous pilgrimage. But the result was patent to every one. The Petit Journal came out with a page story copiously illustrated with cuts kindly furnished by M. Hamilton. The other papers were equally liberal, or rather conscientious, in the matter of presenting the details of so marvelous an aggregation of wonders to their expectant readers. The weeklies followed the dailies, and the monthlies the weeklies. The editors and publishers fairly fell over one another in their eagerness to exploit so remarkable an exhibition. The most conservative magazines and illustrated papers plunged headlong into the literature of the main show and the side-show, and M. Hamilton was kept busy providing cuts and photographs as a "special favor" to the editors. The expedition to Courtrai had cost him seventeen thousand francs, or something over three thousand dollars. But in return for this investment he had secured the equivalent of about half a million dollars' worth of publicity.

The show was quartered in the Machinery Hall on the National Exposition grounds, and as the result of its adoption as a National Institution, this enormous hall was crowded at every performance, day and night. And when, after nearly a year's exhibition, the

It Does Pay

No longer does the wide-awake business man doubt the value of judicious advertising. That's very evident in the facts presented recently by that authority, the New York Times. Big advertisers of a few years ago are still more liberal purchasers of publicity today. New advertisers in large numbers are in the field seeking business by this comparatively new force—advertising. It is said that

Elmer Helms, Instructor who [illegible]

About $80,000,000 a Month

is spent for advertising in this country by the thousands of enterprising manufacturers and retailers. These monied men seek the services of experts on the subject. There's a keen demand today, and it's constantly increasing, for men and women who know how to write effective ads., how to set them and to place them—how to produce the best results.

My graduates are men and women who know how to advertise. They're practical, thorough, many-sided. They're in positions that pay them well, because their work pays their employers well. Here are just a few of the many who have been successful through my help.

E. G. Harrison, Manager Batesville, O., says: "I [illegible] very well pleased [illegible] your Advertising [illegible] pleted, I have put the [illegible] practical use. I can [illegible] personally, that [illegible]

Caroline E. Field, Advertising Asbury Park, N. J. [illegible] "The course was a [illegible] was taken in such a way that a repetition was not [illegible] "It gives me great pleasure to [illegible]

O. Edward O'Neill, Adv. Mgr. [illegible] & Co., Wheeling, W. Va., says: "I am a [illegible] enrolled with you. The superiority of your course was to my apparent. Your [illegible] does tend to develop an original style. Use me [illegible]

Harold Wright, Adv. Mgr. [illegible] & Landauer, Davenport, Iowa, says: "I [illegible] him have [illegible] pleasant and helpful to me. His all course is simple, yet to the point, and each step in the work was developed with a clearness that left no shaky points. The position I secured [illegible]

Another interesting and important fact is that:

My school never lost a student because of dissatisfaction with its system of instruction. *I have enrolled many who have experimented with other courses.*

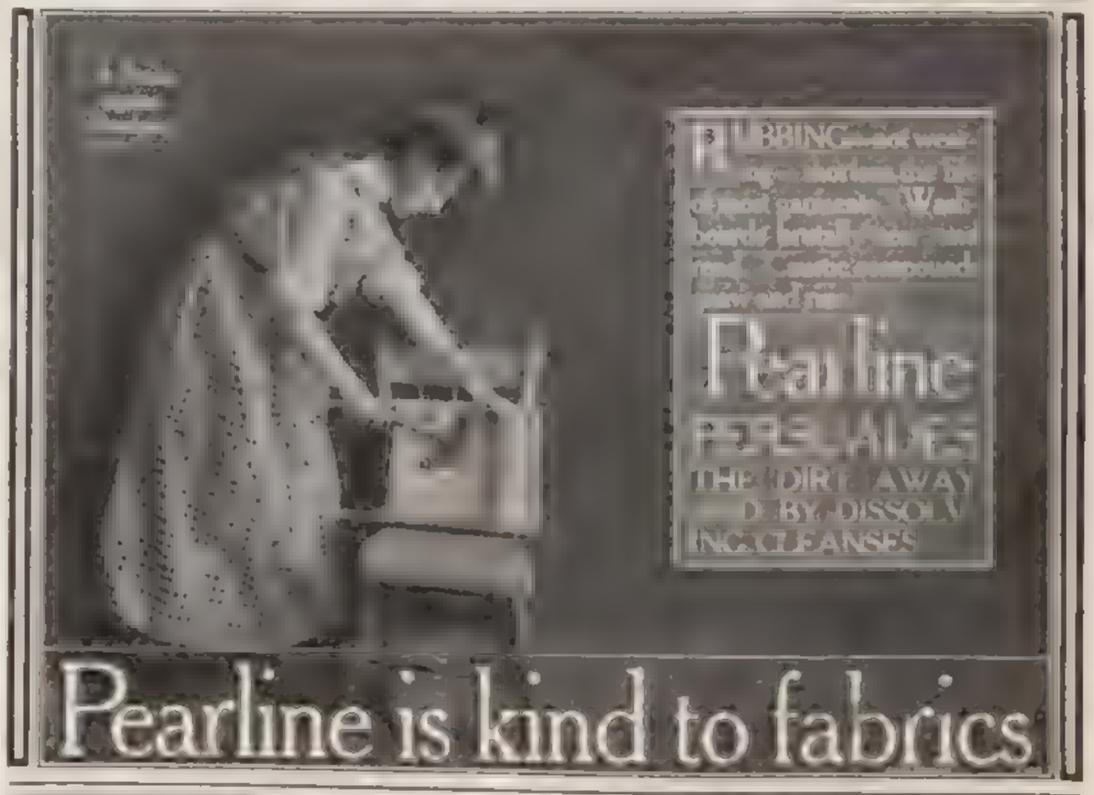
My booklet tells of my superior system of teaching this profitable profession. My instruction is by correspondence, but it's just as direct as if the pupil were seated by my side. Personal letters that suggest, advise and explain are sent with each lesson. Almost any one with just a common school education can be successful under my guidance, if they're willing to give me just fair co-operation.

About thirty pupils will graduate during the next two or three weeks. I seek by this announcement to enroll that many to take the places of those who have completed their course. Do you wish to begin now, and try to fit yourself for a good position? Four months will do it if you are willing to be reasonably diligent.

Write to me for booklet that tells all about my proposition.

ELMER HELMS, *Formerly Ad-Writer for John Wanamaker*

114 A FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Pearline is kind to fabrics

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. [illegible] to patent. [illegible] What to Invent Sheet [illegible] Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

EVANS, WILKINS & CO., 907 F St., Washington, D. C.

BRASS BAND

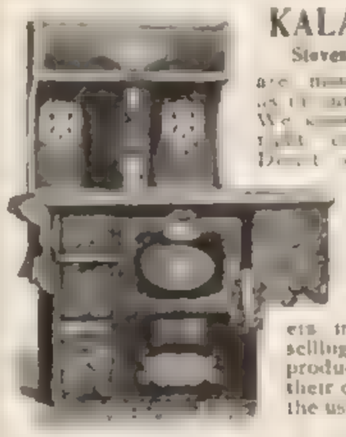
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Banda Rossa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog, 1,000 illustrations; *mailed free*; it gives instructions for amateur bands.

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

All Kalamazoo ranges and gas stoves are equipped with patent oven thermometer. Makes baking sure and easy.

The KALAMAZOO

A better stove or range than you can get from any other source. A saving of from 25 per cent to 40 per cent in price. Prompt shipment from factory to user. Factory prices—no dealers' profits. Freight prepaid by us. 360 days' approval test. Guarantee backed by $20,000 bank bond.



KALAMAZOO
Stoves and Ranges

are manufactured by us at our own factory. We know how to make them right, and we sell them direct to the user at factory prices. Don't purchase a stove or range until you have written us for our handsome catalog and learned our prices and terms. We ship promptly on receipt of order, and guarantee safe delivery.

We are the only

stove manufacturers in the world selling their product direct from their own factory to the user.

There isn't a better stove or range at any price

and by eliminating all dealers' and middlemen's profits we save you easily 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. Moreover we give you a 360 Days' Approval Test. If your purchase is not satisfactory in every way return the goods at our expense. We have a large line of handsome gas stoves at special prices for use of all kinds. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for use.

It will pay you to investigate

Send for catalog No. 152 and prices, freight prepaid.

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Michigan

While On Your Vacation Take Comfort
The ORIGINAL and mechanically perfect

STAR
Safety Razor

guarantees you not only comfort but luxury in your daily shave. If you are traveling, you will find it a most convenient companion. If you are shaving at home, you will find it a time saver. Whether using a razor for the first time or for the thousandth time, it is apt to be in poor condition, which is apt to be the case while away from home.

The Star Safety Razor, manufactured by Kampfe Bros. (not a trust) for over 35 years, is now used by over 5,000,000 people. This proves it to be a razor of merit. Imitators have tried to copy our razor, but if you insist upon getting the "3 STARS" (our trade-mark), you will be sure of satisfaction. Every razor is carefully tested before leaving our factory.

THE NEW STAR STROPPER guarantees absolute perfection to the user of the razor. *Send for catalogue.*

Razors, Complete $2.00. New Star Stropper, $1.50
Sets, $3.50 and up.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York
Of all leading dealers in high class cutlery

This New
KODAK

OF ANY other new Kodak, Century, Premo, Poco, or Hawkeye Camera, we sell at the lowest market price and will take in trade your

OLD CAMERA

Write today describing yours. Tell us what Camera you want and get our offer. New Camera catalog free for the asking.

THE FRANKLIN CO. 707-711 Superior Street, Toledo, Ohio

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a dozen; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order. There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH, a woman can do the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 3 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.**

show went into the Provinces, it was accepted everywhere on the plane adopted in Paris. The municipalities treated it, not as a circus, but as an exposition. Instead of being compelled, as in America, to rent private ground on the outskirts of the town for their tents, the chief parks and plazas of the cities were placed at the disposal of the management by the French municipal officers. In Marseilles, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Lyons, Havre, and in every other city, large and small, where the show made a halt, the show tents were invariably pitched in the choicest spots in the heart of the city. Some conception of the consideration shown in this matter may be had if one could suppose the City of New York placing Central Park at Mr. Bailey's disposal.

Nor was this all. So firmly were the French officials impressed with the standing and importance of the exhibition after "Monsieur" Hamilton was through talking with them that they readily granted him permission to erect billboards around their choicest monuments and in every public square. In two of the important cities the matter went even further. Here M. Hamilton made such a vivid impression on his friends, the authorities, that they granted him permission to fence in the City Hall itself. Billboards were run completely around the municipal buildings, which are among the finest in all France. At the main entrances holes were cut about eight feet high and four feet wide, and through these holes the Mayor and other city officials, as well as the citizens who had business at the City Hall, were content to pass in and out for three or four weeks while the billboards were up to advise the dazzled multitude of the wonders of the world's greatest aggregation of marvels.

Nor was the climax reached in France. For in Germany, the circus people not alone fenced in city halls and public squares and famous monuments under the mystic spell of the press-agent's eloquence, but they finally walked away with the billboard privileges on the walls of the Castle at Konigsberg, where the Emperors of Germany are crowned and which corresponds to Westminister Abbey in London. How it was that they didn't secure Emperor William to lead the parade in a gilded chariot no one has explained.

How the Emperor Helped

But if they didn't use the Emperor in this way, they did in another. After the circus had been in Berlin for some little time and subjects to write about had grown rather scarce, it occurred to the resourceful Herr Hamilton that the officers of His Majesty's Army didn't know as much about horses as they should. So one day the Imperial War Department was solemnly advised by the management of the Greatest Show on Earth that, as a special mark of appreciation for the consideration shown the exhibition by His Majesty and the functionaries of the Government, Mr. Bailey would arrange to give a private exhibition of horse-breaking and horse-training to the officers of the army who might be detailed by the department for the purpose. For the occasion, Mr. Bailey's experts would show in the most complete manner the methods they adopted for the handling, breaking and training of horses, by means of which the remarkable results that had already been generally noticed were attained. These horse experts of Mr. Bailey's would also undertake to handle and break the most intractable horses that His Majesty's officers might bring. The War Department very warmly and very graciously accepted this proposition and two hundred and sixty-five officers were detailed by Imperial edict to attend the exhibition.

In due course the exhibition was had, and every paper in the Empire was full of it. The officers were so enthusiastic that, on request, the exhibition was repeated, and again the papers of the Empire were full of it, to the joy and glory of the unsleeping press-agent. And further, Mr. Bailey was given a special mark of appreciation, was decorated by His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor. In Vienna the same sort of a private exhibition was given to the officers of the Austrian Army and it so impressed the Emperor Francis Joseph that he attended in person the second exhibition, given on request. He also decorated Mr. Bailey, and the Austrian newspapers deemed it a special privilege to be allowed to print the cuts that Mr. Hamilton had carefully prepared from photographs, showing the horses in evolution.

WE FURNISH YOUR CIGARS SAVING YOU HALF

Two for the Price of One

The character of our many thousands of permanent customers and their testimonials which fill our files is conclusive proof not only that they are

SAVING ONE-HALF THEIR FORMER SMOKING EXPENSES

but that they are able to secure of us just the cigar which suits them, knowing they are [illegible]. With the dealer a cut in price [illegible]. With us you accomplish everything [illegible] attached to a cigar, except the making [illegible] is given wholly to you.

The Jobber's Profit	15%
The Salesman's Expenses	10%
The Retailer's Profit	25%
SAVED	50%

50 per cent. saving is given you at once with quality and [illegible] ranteed; we absolutely and completely [illegible] from your own point of view, or

REFUND YOUR MONEY

We are selling exclusively to the Smoker direct, by the box, [illegible] tested brands of cigars that we formerly made famous [illegible] trade in case [illegible] we formerly [illegible], shipping you cigars of these same brands

DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY TO YOU

all charges prepaid.

We [illegible] the same cigars. Every box and each [illegible] perpetual guarantee to suit you or to [illegible], and any time you do not feel you have value received it costs you nothing.

We [illegible] simple method of finding and suiting your individual taste [illegible] a dealer's show case. We will at first send you assortments from which to make selections:

For 60 Cents an assortment [illegible] cigars showing ten-cent and five-for-a-quarter values.
For 85 Cents, a high grade [illegible].
For $1.00 a trial box of 25 [illegible] containing fifteen ten cent values and 10 straight five-cent [illegible].
For $1.25 an assortment of [illegible] and three-for-a-quarter values each separately wrapped and described, showing you how two-for-a-quarter and ten-cent cigars can be bought in boxes of 25 and 50 for from four to six cents each, others from two to three cents each.

All Transportation Charges Prepaid

Let us send you our illustrated booklet "Rolled Reveries."

JOHN B. ROGERS & CO., "The Pioneers," 1043 Jarvis Street, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The following letters are a few from many hundreds we are constantly receiving

Names will be supplied on request

CHICAGO, ILL.—"At last, I am happy [illegible] rived 3 P M All O K Thanks for your [illegible] ness."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—"Your 5c cigars are the best [illegible] cigars I have ever smoked."

[illegible], N. Y.—"Cigars received [illegible] factory, I shall take pleasure in introducing them to my [illegible]."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"You are giving me much better cigars for the money than I have ever [illegible], so send out the high grade cigars you have been sending me."

BALTIMORE, MD.—"The cigars came duly to hand, and are as good as ever, which is saying a great deal."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"With all the cigar stores here in Greater New York I do not know where one can get as good cigars for the money as yours."

BOSTON, MASS.—"Kindly communicate with the following parties: ——, ——. They all enjoy a good smoke, and I know they can get it from you, as I have done."

SOUTH SHERBORN, MASS.—"I find your 5c cigars exceptionally good, saving me 2c. on each one I smoke."

MEDFORD, N. Y.—"Your cigars are certainly fine. They get praise from every one who tries them."

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—"Your cigars are the best I have yet discovered."

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

No Honing! No Grinding!

Full Hollow Ground, $2.50 each
Double Concave, for extra heavy beards, $3.00.

ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED

Send for free book, "HINTS TO SHAVERS."

THE CARBO MAGNETIC RAZOR

NO SMARTING AFTER SHAVING
WITH ORDINARY CARE IT LASTS A LIFE TIME
KEEP AN EDGE FOR YEARS WITHOUT HONING
Carbo-Magnetic Elastic Cushion Strop, $1.00 each
By all dealers in High-Grade Cutlery or sent by manufacturers postpaid.
Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, Makers of Griffon Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, New York

300 FOREIGN STAMPS 10c [illegible]
[illegible] 25c 300 [illegible] 50c 600
$1.25 1000 [illegible] $3.00 60 [illegible] 100
[illegible]
L. CROWELL STAMP CO.
516 Carton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

STAMMER

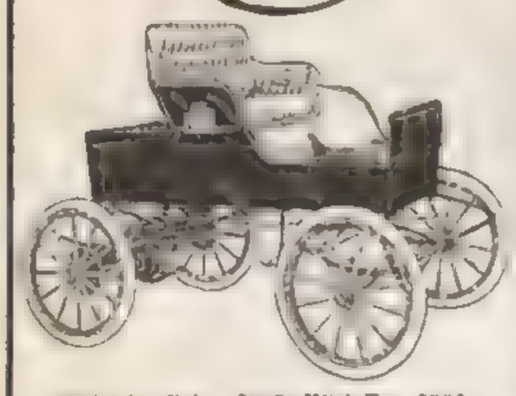
[illegible] book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering [illegible] any address. Inclose 6 cents to pay postage.
LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Comfort and service. Guaranteed "All breaks made good." 50 cents and $1.00. Any shop or by mail.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 231 O, Shirley, Mass.

Waverley



Model 21; Price, $850; With Top, $900.

Electric Vehicles

No complications. Turn on power and steer. Electric brake. Drop postal for catalogue. Many more models and prices.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Agencies in all principal cities

The President's Daughter

(Continued from Page 11)

pondering, cast them all up—his awful responsibility, unconscious of her peril, watching him from the fireman's box. The engineer looked to Glover instinctively for instructions and, hesitating no longer, he ordered a dash for Medicine Bend regardless of everything.

Without a qualm McGraw opened his throttle and hooked up his bar and the engine leaped blindly ahead into the storm. Glover in a few words told Gertrude of their situation. He made no effort to disguise it and to his surprise she heard him quietly. He cramped himself down at her feet and muffled his head in his cap and collar to look ahead.

They had hardly more than recovered their lost distance and were running very hard when a shower of heavy blows struck the cab and the engine gave a frantic plunge. Forgetting that he pulled no train, McGraw's eyes flew to the air-gauge with the thought that his train had broken, but the pointer stood steady at the high pressure. Again the monster machine strained and again the cab rose and plunged terrifically. The engineer leaped at the throttle like a cat; Gertrude, first jolted backward, was thrown rudely forward on Glover's shoulder and the fireman slid head first into the oilcans. Worst of all, Glover, in saving Gertrude, put his elbow through the lower glass of the footboard door. The engine stopped and a blast of powdered ice streamed in on them; their eyes met.

She tried to get her breath. "Don't be frightened," he said. "You are all right. Sit perfectly still. What have you got, Paddy?" he called to the engineer. McGraw did not attempt to answer; taking lanterns, the two men climbed out of the cab to investigate. The wind swept through the broken pane and Gertrude slipped from her seat with relief while the fireman caught up a big double handful of waste from his box and stuffed it into the broken pane. So intense had the strain of silence become that she would have spoken to him, but the sudden stop sprung the safety-valve and, overwhelmed with its roar, she could only watch him in wretched suspense shake the grate, restore his drip can, start his injector and hammer like one pursued by a fury at his coal.

Since she had entered the cab this man had never for one minute rested. McGraw, followed by Glover, climbed back under the canvas from the gangway. Their clothing, moist with the steam of the cab, had stiffened the instant the wind struck it. McGraw, hastening to the furnace, seized the chain, jerked open the door and motioned to Glover to come to the fire, but Glover shook his head behind McGraw, his hands on the little man's shoulders, and forced him down in front of the fearful blaze to thaw the gloves from his aching fingers.

All the horror of the storm they were facing had passed Gertrude unfelt until she saw that silent writhing of the crouching man. This was three minutes of the wind that Glover had asked her not to tempt; this was the wind she had tempted. She was glad that Glover, bending over the engineer, holding one hand to the fire as he gazed into it, did not look toward her. From cap to boots he was frozen in snow and ice. The two men without speaking left the cab again. They were gone longer. Gertrude felt chills running over her.

"This is a terrible night," she said to the fireman.

"Yes, ma'am, it's pretty bad. I don't know why they'd send white men out into this—do you? I wouldn't send a coyote out."

"They are staying out so long this time," she murmured. "Could they possibly freeze while they are out, do you think?"

"Sure, they could; but them boys know too much for that. Mr. Glover stays out a week at a time in this kind; he don't care. That man Paddy McGraw is his head engineer in the bucking gang; he don't give a ——— —them fellows don't give a ———. But I've got a wife at the Cat and two babies, that's my fix. I never give a ——— neither when I was single, but if I'm carried home now it's seven hundred and fifty relief and a thousand dollars in the A. O. U. W. and that's the end of it for the woman. That's why *I* don't like to freeze to death, ma'am. But what can you do if you're ordered out? Suppose your woman is a-hangin' to your neck like mine hung to me to-night and cryin'—whatever can you do? You've got to *go* or lose your job; and if you lose your job who'll feed your kids then?"

If You Earn Less Than $25.00 a Week

YOU should send for my beautiful new Prospectus—the most comprehensive work of its kind ever issued—which shows how **$100.00** to **$500.00** a month is being earned by pupils. This prospectus contains valuable information to all who are interested in earning the largest possible income in the shortest possible time. With it I also mail free, fac-simile testimony which is the most remarkable in the history of correspondence instruction. Every young man and woman with a common school education will be doubly repaid for writing for a copy. My system of advertising instruction by mail has the hearty endorsement of the real experts and publishers. It is the most practical known, and is the only one teaching great originality.

If Your Business is Lame

and needs the stimulating effect of modern advertising, the Powell System will enable you to successfully meet competition. For the business man who has a good article and limited capital I am able to promote his enterprise and assist in placing it at the highest plane of success through skillful advertising.
If you wish this service, specially mention it.

GEORGE H. POWELL
19 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

To Know How to File
—Documents
—Legal Blanks
—Card Records
—Credit Reports
—Deposit Tickets
—Insurance Policies
—Books —Reports
—Samples —Checks
—Clippings —Invoices
—Notes—Letters—Papers

THE SHAW-WALKER CO., Muskegon, Mich.
At Chicago in the Marquette Building

IVER JOHNSON
SHOT GUNS

CHAMPION $6.00
"IVER JOHNSON Top Snap" $7.00
"IVER JOHNSON Semi-Hammerless" $8.00

Do not let your husband go into the woods alone. Get an Iver Johnson gun, and be a good fellow with him.

SEND FOR OUR FIRE ARMS ENCYCLOPEDIA

IVER JOHNSON-FITCHBURG, MASS., U.S.A.

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM

Clears and Cleans the Skin

Face Powders Not Needed

FOR SUNBURN

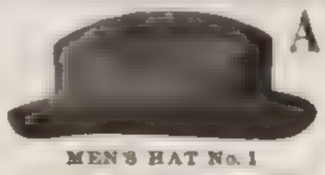
FOR WINDBURN

HANDSOME SAMPLE JAR FREE
For sale by druggists and all dealers in toilet articles. Price 50c. or $1.00 a jar. Send for free booklet.

Rubber Complexion Bulb
Price 50c.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 106 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail



MEN'S HAT No. 1

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish Derby. Black, Brown, Maple Stone, and Pearl

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

ALABASTINE Beautiful tints, restful to the eye; [illegible] mended by oculists for School House [illegible] Alabastine is a cement base [illegible] and healthful, which will not [illegible] agate disease germs as do kalsomines which are stuck on with glue.

Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
and 105 Water Street, New York City.

INVENTIONS patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 20 years' experience. Send for booklet.
PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA
180 Broadway, New York City

GINSENG $5.00 [illegible] halfacre [illegible] throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet A R, telling all about it.
McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.

SAFEST INSURANCE

is obtained in the possession of absolutely the best made, and only solid, seamless, copper tube fire extinguisher in the world—the

"PATROL"

the premier of all individual fire fighting apparatus. The "Patrol" is always ready for instant use; throws a stream of water over 50 feet by simply inverting it. It is endorsed by Fire Chiefs and the National and Local Boards of Fire Underwriters throughout the United States.

Exclusive territory given and liberal arrangements made with those devoting their time as selling agents. For particulars address

INTERNATIONAL FIRE ENGINE CO.

MAKERS OF THE

"BABCOCK"

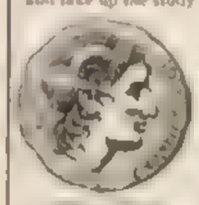
149 BROADWAY NEW YORK

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR SALARY?

Are your brains bringing you no better return than does a day laborer a horse?

Do you not feel that given the opportunity you could do better, and would not the prospect of from $35.00 to $150.00 a week stimulate you to put out your best effort?

Then get in touch with us. Write immediately for our Free Test Blank and other interesting information and take up the study of Advertising.



We can put into your life, and by correspondence without interference with your vocation, the essence of ten of the most successful advertising experts of ——, the logical advertising center of the United States. Send for FREE TEST BLANK and full information to

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING

945 Williams Bldg., Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., Chicago

5 PER CENT

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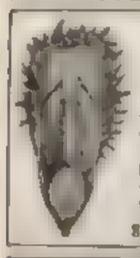

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McGraw's head appeared under the canvas doorway. Glover did not follow him and Gertrude grew nervous. When the canvas rattled and she saw his cap she was waiting for him at the doorway and she put her hands happily on his frozen sleeve. "I'm so glad."

He looked at her with humor in his big eyes.

"I was afraid without you," she added confusedly.

He laughed. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Oh, you are so cold. Come to the fire."

"What do you think about the plows now?" he asked of McGraw, who had climbed up to his seat.

"How many are there?" returned the engineer as Glover shivered before the fire.

"There may be a thousand."

"What do you want me to do?"

"There's only one thing, Paddy. Go through them," answered Glover, slamming shut the furnace door.

McGraw laid his bar over, and like one putting his house in order, looked at his gauges and tried his valves.

"What is it?" whispered Gertrude at Glover's side.

He turned. "We've struck a bunch of sheep."

"In a storm they drift to keep from freezing out in the open. These sheep have bunched in a little cut out of the wind," he explained as the fireman sprinkled the roaring furnace. "You had better get up on your seat, Miss Brock."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Run through them."

"Run through them? Do you mean kill them?"

"We shall have to kill a few; there isn't much danger."

"But oh, must you mangle those poor creatures huddling in the cut out of the storm? Oh, don't do that."

"We can't help it."

"Oh, yes, yes, you can if you will, I am sure." She looked at him imploringly.

"Indeed I cannot. Listen a moment." He spoke steadily. The wheels were turning under her, the engine was backing for the dash. "We know now the plows are not ahead of us, for the cut is full of sheep and snow. If they are behind us we are in grave danger. They may strike us at any moment—that means, do you understand?—death. We can't go back now; there's too much snow even if the track were clear. To stay here means to freeze to death." She turned restively from him. "Could you have thought it a joke," he asked slowly, "to run a hundred and seventy miles through a blizzard?" She looked away and her sob cut him to the heart. "I did not mean to wound you," he whispered. "It's only that you don't realize what self-preservation means. I wouldn't kill a fly unnecessarily, but do you think I could stand it to see any one in this cab mangled by a plow behind us—or to see you freeze to death if the engine should die and we're caught here twelve hours? It is our lives or theirs, that's all; they will freeze ——. We're only putting them out of their misery. Come; we are starting." He helped her to her seat.

"Don't leave me," she whispered. The cylinder-cocks were drumming loudly. "Whichever way we turn there's danger," he admitted reluctantly; "a steampipe might burst. You must cover your face." She drew the high collar of her coat around her neck and buried her face in her muff, but he caught up a blanket and dropped it completely over her head; then locking her arm in his own he put one heavy boot against the furnace door and, braced between the woman he loved and the firebox, nodded to the engineer. McGraw gave head.

Furred with snow and bearded fearfully with ice; creeping like a mountain cat on her prey; lashing her sides under the last pound of steam she could carry and hissing wildly, the great engine moved down on the cut.

Unable to reckon distance or resistance but by instinct, and forced to risk everything for headway, McGraw pricked the cylinders till the smarting engine roared. Then crouching like a jockey for a final cruel spur he goaded the monster for the last time and rose in his stirrups for the crash.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

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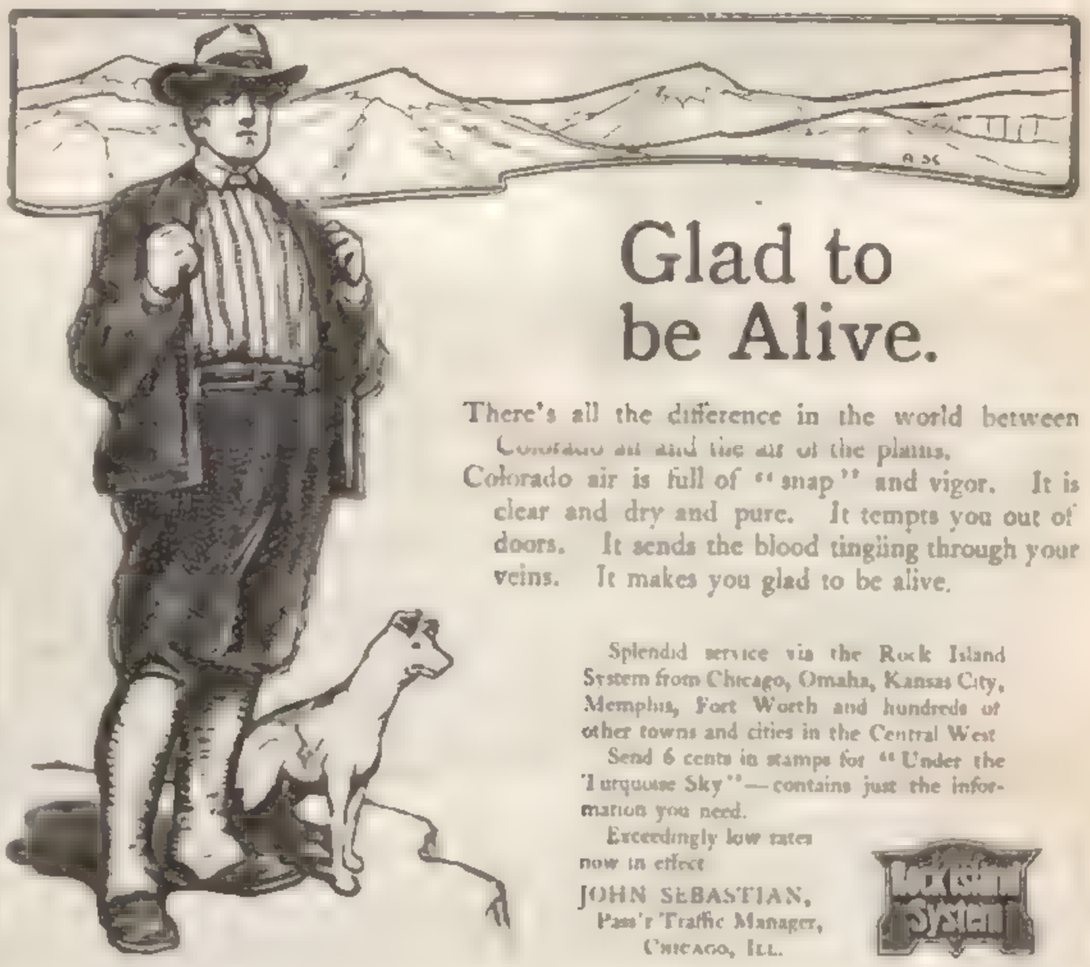

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THE BOSS

(Continued from Page 8)

of my experience; and the tolerant smile, that was half pity, half amusement, as Big Kennedy set forth to the reputable old gentleman—who was only a taxpayer—the little limits of his insignificance, deepened the effect on my mind of what had gone before.

True, I indulged in no such analysis as the above and made no study of the picture in its detail; but I could receive an impression just as I might receive a blow, and in the innocence of my ignorance began instantly to model myself upon the proven fact of a power that was above law, above justice, and which must be consulted and agreed with, even in its caprice, before existence could be profitable or even safe. From that moment the machine to me was as obviously and indomitably abroad as the East River, and must have its account in every equation of life. To hold otherwise, and particularly to act otherwise, would be to play the fool, with failure or something worse for a reward.

Big Kennedy owned a drinking place. His barroom was his headquarters; he himself never served among his casks and bottles, having barmen for that work. He poured no whisky, tapped no beer, donned no apron, but sat at tables with his customers and laid out his campaigns of politics or jubilated over victory, and seemed rather the visitor than the proprietor in his own saloon. He owned shrewdness, force, courage, enterprise, and was one of those to carry a pleasant atmosphere that is like hypnotism, and which makes men like them. His manner was one of rude frankness, and folk held him for a bluff, blunt, genial soul who made up in generosity what he lacked of scruple.

And yet I have thought folk mistaken in Big Kennedy. For all his loud openness and friendly roar which would seem to tell his every thought, the man could be the soul of cunning and turn secret as a mole. He was for his own interest. He was a cold, calculating trader of politics; he never wasted his favors but must get as much as he gave, and indulged in no revenges except when revenge was needed for a lesson. He did what men call good, too, and spent money and lost sleep in its accomplishment. To the ill he sent doctors and drugs; he found work and wages for idle men; he paid landlords and kept the roofs above the heads of the penniless; those that were hungry he sent food to and where they were cold came fuel. For all that, it was neither humanity nor any milk of kindness which put him to these labors of grace; it was but his method of politics and meant to bind men to him. They must do his word; they must carry out his will; then it was he took them beneath the wing of his power, and would spare neither time nor money to protect and prosper them.

And on the other side, he who raised his head in opposition to Big Kennedy was crushed; not in anger but in caution. He weeded out rebellion and the very seed of it with as little ruth and for the same reason a farmer weeds a field.

It took me years to collect these truths of Big Kennedy.

Nor did their arrival, when they did come one by one, make a shade of change in my regard for him. I liked him in the beginning; I liked him in the end; he became that headland on the coasts of politics by which I steered my course. I studied Big Kennedy as one might study a science; by the lines of his conduct I laid down lines for my own; in all things I was his disciple and imitator.

Big Kennedy is dead now; and I will say no worse nor better of him than this: He was a natural captain of men. Had he been born to a higher station he might have lighted a wick in history that would require those ten thicknesses of darkness which belong with ten centuries, to obscure. But no such thing could come in the instance of Big Kennedy; his possibilities of eminence, like my own, were confined to Tammany and its politics, since he had no more of education than have I. The time has gone by in the world at large, and had in Kennedy's day, when the ignorant man can be the first man.

The day following my release, as he had bid me, I sought Big Kennedy. He was in his barroom, and the hour being mid-morning, I was so far lucky as to find him much alone. He was quick to see me, too, and seemed as full of a pleasant interest in me as though my mere looks were of themselves good news. He did most of the talking, for I sat backward and bashful, the more since I could feel his sharp eyes upon me, taking my measure. Never was I so

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looked over and so questioned, and not many minutes had come and gone before Big Kennedy knew as much of me and my belongings as did I myself. Perhaps more; for he weighed me in the scales of his experience with all the care of gold—considering, meanwhile, to what uses I should be put and how far I might be expected to advance his ends.

One of his words I recall, for it gave me a glow of relief at the time; at that it was no true word. It was when he heard how slightly I had been taught of books.

"Never mind," said he; "books as often as not get between a man's legs and trip him up. Better know men than books. There's my library"—here he pointed to a group about a table. "I can learn more by studyin' them than was ever found between the covers of a book, and make more out of it."

Big Kennedy told me I must go to work.

"You've got to work, you know," said he, "if it's only to have an excuse for livin'."

Then he asked me what I could do. On making nothing clear by my replies he descended to particulars.

"What do you know of horses? Can you drive one?"

My eye brightened; I might be trusted to handle a horse.

"An' I'll gamble you know your way about the East Side," said he confidently; "I'll answer for that." Then getting up he started for the door, for no grass grew between decision and action with Big Kennedy. "Come with me," he said.

We had made no mighty journey when we stopped before a grocery. It was a two-story front and of a prosperous look, with a wealth of vegetables and fruits in crates and baskets and barrels covering half the sidewalk. The proprietor was a rubicund German who bustled forth at sight of my companion.

"How is Mr. Kennedy?" This with exuberance. "It makes me prout that you pay me a wisit."

"Yes?" said the other dryly. Then going directly to the point: "Here's a boy I've brought you, Nick. Let him drive one of your wagons. Give him six dollars a week."

"But Mr. Kennedy," replied the grocer dubiously, looking me over with the tail of his eye, "I haf yet no wacancy. My wagons is all full."

"I'm goin' to get him new duds," said Kennedy, "if that's what you're thinkin' about."

Still, the grocer, though not without some show of respectful alarm, insisted on a first position.

"If he was so well dressed even as you, Mr. Kennedy, yet I haf no wacancy," said he.

"Then make one," responded Kennedy coolly. "Dismiss one of the boys you have. At least two who work for you don't belong in my ward." As the other continued doubtful Kennedy became sharp. "Come, come, come!" he cried in a manner peremptory rather than fierce; "I can't wait all day. Don't you feed your horses in the street? Don't you obstruct the sidewalks with your stuff? Don't you sell liquor in your rear room without a license? Don't you violate a dozen ordinances? Don't the police stand it an' pass you up? An' yet you hold me here, fiddlin' and foolin' away time!"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Kennedy," cried the grocer, who from the first had sought to stem the torrent of the other's eloquence, "I was only tryin' to think up w'ich horse I will let him drive alretty. That's honest—sure as my name is Nick Fogel!"

Clothed in what was to me the splendors of a king, being indeed a full new suit bought with Big Kennedy's money, I began rattling about the streets with a delivery wagon the very next day. As well as I could I tried to tell my thanks for the clothes.

"That's all right," said Big Kennedy. "I owe you that much for havin' you chucked in a cell."

Though Grocer Fogel might have been a trifle slow in hiring me, once I was engaged he proved amiable enough. I did my work well, too, for four years; laying down the reins of that delivery wagon of my own will at the age of nineteen.

Nor was I without a profit in this trade of delivering potatoes and cabbages and kindred grocery whatnot. It broadened the frontiers of my acquaintance for one matter, and made known to me many of a solvent middle class, and of rather a higher respectability than I might otherwise have met. It served somewhat to clean up my manners, if nothing more, and before I was done, that acquaintance became with me an asset of politics.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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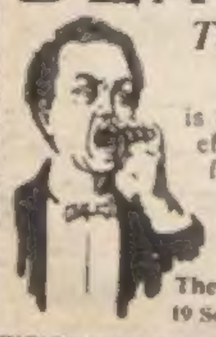

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Three weeks later Jay received a special prize of $25.00. He sent back the check and wrote this letter:

"I want to be the only toad in this puddle. I can sell more copies than all of them put together, anyway. Three of these boys have quit, and to-day I bought out the other two boys by giving them fifty cents apiece. I am now the only boy here who sells THE POST. If you will agree not to appoint anybody else so long as I sell a lot, you can credit this $25.00 and send 200 copies for next week and 125 copies each week thereafter."

The publishers did as he desired, and at the end of three months he was selling nearly 200 copies a week. Then he looked up the other boys who had stopped work and engaged them to work for him. They went to work under Jay's direction and the "corner" was complete.

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